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THE DEBATE.

THERE is almost always something of what is called forensic oratory in the opening speeches of a great debate. The several speakers are to a certain extent in the position of advocates, and have rather to state a case effectively and carefully than to unfold the real merits and approach the central interest of the question at issue. Both Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE spoke on an artificial platform. They were both hampered by the memories and the habitual reticences of office. They both spoke of Continental matters, not as they are, but as it is convenient to view them for certain diplomatic or Parliamentary purposes. They both showed that they were aware that there was an inconsistency between what they said and what they knew. Mr. DISRAELI hinted that the old theory of the balance of power was obsolete; and Mr. GLADSTONE, after setting up a plausible case for the Government, and trying to make out that the Cabinet was willing and almost bound to go to war to uphold the Treaty of London, so long as it had any hope of support from its allies, ended by saying that England could never have gone to war to force on the Duchies a Sovereign of whom they wished to be rid. As the speeches of advocates, both were skilful and effective; but both, as the speeches of statesmen, were failures. Mr. DISRAELI showed, with great adroitness and power, that the Government had threatened Germany and encouraged Denmark. He made the most of the errors and the vacillations of the Cabinet; but he was speaking not only to damage his opponents but to win office, and he entirely failed to say anything which could inspire a belief that he was capable of devising or carrying out an original and effective line of foreign policy. He had nothing to recommend but that England should lean on the reed of Imperial France, and that, if her hand were pierced, she should smile and pretend to like it. Mr. GLADSTONE triumphantly replied that the very charge against the Government was that it had been too humble and too persistent in its application for the material assistance of France and Russia. On the other hand, when Mr. GLADSTONE unfolded the defence of the Government, and explained that the Cabinet was really determined to fight for the Treaty of 1852, and wrote and spoke as it did because it was really bent on war, until the refusal of France and Russia, towards the end of January, changed everything, and convinced the Cabinet that war was not to be thought of, few of his hearers could have believed that this was the real history of what had happened. The reply that, if at the end of January the Cabinet had definitely abandoned all thought of war, it should have said so, appears unanswerable. It is true that there was no overt encouragement to the Danes after Schleswig was once invaded. But the Cabinet knew perfectly well that the Danes still looked for support from England, that the threats to Germany still remained on record, and that England from day to day expected to be dragged into the quarrel. It is only the afterthought of an advocate arranging a good legal defence that the Cabinet, after the end of January, weighed the cost and determined that it would not go to war. It was still divided in itself, still hampered by extraneous influences, still expectant that France might change her mind, still apprehensive that the war feeling in England might gain heat and strength. Mr. GLADSTONE's speech was not badly devised as a puzzle to Opposition speakers, but it failed to explain to the country why, since the beginning of February, we have been passing through five months of uncertainty and humiliation.

When the independent members began to address the House, the controversy passed from the region of artificial into that of real politics. Listeners ceased to be told, as they had been by Mr. DISRAELI, that there was nothing but a petty insurrection in the European revolution of 1848, which has since produced such fruits as the freedom of Italy, and this very national movement in Germany, which persons who applaud the Bel-

gians for wishing to be separate from Holland, and Venetia for wishing to join Italy, term an inexplicable madness. They ceased to hear such statements as that of Mr. GLADSTONE, when he calmly assured the House that it was not Russia, but Lord PALMERSTON, who induced the great German Powers to baffle the hopes of the German Liberals, and crush out the hopes of the insurgents in Schleswig-Holstein by the signature of the Treaty of 1852. Mr. COBDEN had the merit of being the first speaker who invited the House to consider, not the imaginary, but the real politics of Europe. He pointed out that the Treaty of 1852 was intended to put a bridle on the aspirations of Germany for nationality, and that what we had really to consider was, whether it was for us to send Englishmen to be killed in furtherance of such an object. He had the satisfaction of showing that England ought not to do this if she could, and could not do it if she would. An enemy of the traditions of the Foreign Office could scarcely have a better opening than when he has an opportunity of showing that English diplomacy has been hopelessly pursuing a wrong object. To the surprise of most of his hearers, and perhaps to the admiration of some, he went on to hint that, with all his theoretical devotion to non-interference, he could scarcely bring himself to regard with philosophical indifference the gigantic wrong that was done to Italy and to Venice by the Treaty of Vienna. These are the thoughts, whatever may be their value, of real persons and parties on the Continent; whereas the thoughts of professional English statesmen are the thoughts of no one out of England. Mr. ROEBUCK gave utterance to another set of ideas in fashion among a wholly different set of Continental thinkers, when he declared that, in his opinion, every attempt at national independence ought to be sternly repressed; and he was probably the only member who could have been found to declare boldly that we ought to have forced the rule of Denmark on the Duchies, because we try very unsuccessfully to persuade little Welsh boys and girls to learn English at school. Certainly these were views sufficiently diverging from each other and from the ground occupied in his opening attack by Mr. DISRAELI. But throughout every speech on Tuesday night there was one connecting link. There was one source of universal harmony which gave an admirable unity to the debate. Whatever the speaker thought of the Treaty of 1852 or of German nationality, of the duties of interference or of the duties of non-interference, of the timidity or the dignified reserve of France, he was sure to be like those who followed and those who preceded him in one respect, and to heap unsparing and unmitigated abuse on Lord RUSSELL.

Mr. LAYARD and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL of course had, on Thursday night, to defend Lord RUSSELL as well as they could. It devolved on Mr. LAYARD more especially to maintain the cause of his political chief, and he discharged his difficult task with much zeal and with the most characteristic want of tact and temper. Having to address a hostile audience, and to defend a man almost universally condemned, he sparred out wildly right and left, strewed broadcast accusations, retorts, and abuse, and attempted to prove more than he need have proved, and to show that Lord RUSSELL's threatening despatches were not threatening, and that his encouragements to Denmark were not encouraging. This line of defence differed widely from that adopted by Mr. GLADSTONE, and, if more nearly founded on fact, was much less ingenious. It is probable that Lord RUSSELL never did know his own mind, and never saw clearly the course that lay before him. It is quite true that, as Mr. LAYARD says, Lord RUSSELL has laboured during a period of difficulty and danger to secure for this country the inestimable blessings of peace. But he never clearly answered to himself, or to the country, the great question how peace was to be obtained. The two main mistakes which Lord RUSSELL made—the two fountain-heads of all his blunders—were that, in the first place, he never seriously asked

himself whether this country was to make war in support of the Treaty of 1852, at the cost of imposing an unwelcome Sovereign on a foreign State; and, in the second place, that when he found that Russia and France would not go to war for the Treaty, he did not, in so many words and most distinctly, tell Denmark that neither would England go to war for it. It is quite true that, as Mr. LAYARD urged, the language which Lord RUSSELL used in the earlier stages of the quarrel, both towards Germany and towards Denmark, was in some measure countenanced by France. But when the decisive moment came, France spoke out. She announced publicly that, the Treaty of 1852 being opposed to the claims of the nationality of Schleswig-Holstein, she would not go to war for a treaty founded on a mistake; and she also announced that she had counted the cost, and found that a war with united Germany was far too serious a thing to be lightly undertaken. It was then the time for Lord RUSSELL to give England to understand the course she was to take, and to let Denmark plainly know that English help would not be given her. Lord RUSSELL could not fail to see that the question had then to be decided, whether England would fight alone for a treaty which France had pronounced obsolete. He decided, and decided quite rightly, that England should not fight; but he only came to this decision with half a heart. He did not announce it to England, because he was not sure that England did not wish for war at any price, and he did not announce it either to Germany or to Denmark. He left in their integrity the threats he had uttered and the encouragement he had given. The consequence was that Germany still thought England was challenging her, and determined to defy the challenge; and that Denmark still thought England was coming to her aid, and that, if she held out a little longer, she would have the dear delight of seeing English guns pointed at the besiegers of Düppel. This state of suspense was needlessly prolonged for months after the Cabinet had, according to the defence set up for it, renounced all intention of going to war; and it is this that has lowered the influence of England in Europe. We hesitated after the hour for hesitation was past; and it is because they have justly thought that this protracted, meaningless, purposeless hesitation was unworthy of a great Power that the Continental nations have ceased, for the moment, to have that confidence in the wisdom and courage of England which it ought to be the ambition of our Foreign Office to keep alive.

DANISH POLICY OF FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

THE vituperation of England which at present occupies and amuses the Continent may serve as a warning against hasty and indiscriminate censure of foreign nations and Governments. The annoyance will not be abated or alleviated by recriminations on those neutral Powers which have combined secure inaction with a fortunate immunity from popular criticism. It is evident that France and Russia, if not more generous, have been more adroit than England; and it is useless to find fault with a policy which has been successful, as a passenger is successful who makes his way through a riotous crowd without being forced or tempted to interfere. It would be more meritorious to suppress the tumult, but an abortive effort to restrain the passions of the combatants exposes the baffled peacemaker to temporary ridicule. Of all European States, Russia has profited most immediately and most cheaply by the Danish quarrel. In the midst of an excitement nearer home, the Western nations have suddenly forgotten the wrongs and the very existence of Poland. Only a year ago, almost every European State, with the exception of Prussia, was remonstrating with Russia in tones of indignation and of menace. England, France, and Austria denounced in concerted language the crimes of Russia, and the unfeeling complicity of Prussia. The Emperor ALEXANDER and Prince GORTSCHAKOFF must have received with gratified surprise an application from England for armed assistance against the aggressions of Austria and Prussia, yet their satisfaction would have been incomplete if France had not taken the opportunity to proclaim the interruption of the English alliance. Such results would have been almost worth obtaining at the cost of war, and when they were gratuitously offered, it was natural that they should be thankfully accepted. The policy of Russia on this special question has not yet been fully disclosed. In all the negotiations which have taken place, and more particularly in the Conference, the Russian Ministers have been more forward than even their English colleagues in demonstrations of friendship to Denmark. The remarkable summary of the proceedings which appears to have been drawn up by an eager

Danish partisan is generally attributed to the Russian Plenipotentiary. Except with fleets and armies, the Emperor ALEXANDER has apparently been ready to oppose the pretensions of Germany, but the support of Austria and Prussia in Poland concerns his interests more closely than the safety or independence of Denmark. It is not improbable that Russian influence may be exerted to obtain comparatively favourable terms of peace, while France and England are excluded by different circumstances from all share in the negotiations. It is strange that any statesman can have believed that Russia would engage in war with the German Powers while Prussian troops are watching for Polish insurgents on the frontiers of Posen, and during the continuance of military law in Galicia. The German fleet of the future at Kiel, and the contingent Scandinavian monarchy, involve remoter dangers than those which at present occupy the attention of Russian statesmen.

The conduct and motives of France are somewhat obscure, and it may be doubted whether they deserve the indiscriminate eulogy of rival politicians in the House of Commons. Like Russia and England, France undoubtedly felt a certain goodwill to Denmark, and, as in all similar cases, the Emperor NAPOLEON foresaw that he might possibly find profit by fishing in troubled waters. Two or three alternative courses presented themselves for his choice at different stages of the controversy. After the rebuff which had been received from Prince GORTSCHAKOFF in the Polish correspondence, it would have been undignified to cultivate a close union with Russia; and England had, in the same negotiation, incurred the Imperial displeasure. Mr. DISRAELI probably exaggerates the bad effects of Lord RUSSELL's withdrawal from co-operation in the matter of Poland, as well as of his subsequent refusal to attend the Congress; but there is no doubt that in both cases a feeling of resentment was left behind, to be treasured up until it could be made a collateral reason for some measure which was in itself thought expedient. The Danish complication, while it has conferred unmixed benefit on Russia, has indirectly tended to counteract the cherished policy of France. For nearly three centuries, the traditional project of encroaching on German territory has been pursued by successive French Governments, with varying success. RICHELIEU, LOUIS XIV., and NAPOLEON induced German armies to ravage and dismember their native country for the aggrandizement of France. Even LOUIS XV., on the extinction of the Austrian male line of HAPSBURG, thought it possible to divide the German Empire into four dependent Kingdoms, to be governed by as many satellites of France. It was always understood that, once united, Germany would be invulnerable, if not actually dangerous. French diplomacy used its utmost efforts to discredit and thwart the attempt of the Austrian EMPEROR, in the course of last summer, to draw the bonds of the Confederacy tighter, and to place Austria at its head. The quarrel with Denmark once more directed the attention of France to Germany, but the means of profiting by the occasion were not easy to discover.

As the agitation increased, it became evident that the Governments were but imperfectly expressing the unanimous convictions and feelings of the German people. For the first time since the days of FREDERICK BARBAROSSA, or perhaps of OTTO, the whole nation was devoted to the attainment of a common object; and while some patriots advocated harmonious action for the sake of redressing the wrongs of Schleswig, politicians of more comprehensive views urged on the invasion of Denmark, because the enterprise seemed likely to promote the cause of German unity. The joint intervention of France and England might perhaps have saved Denmark from invasion, but it would also have cemented the union of all parties and of all local subdivisions in Germany. The alliance which Lord RUSSELL failed to effect would have been dangerous to England, because it might have involved practical participation in schemes of conquest; but, on the other hand, France would have created a hostile feeling on her own frontier, while England, in case of the worst, would have been inaccessible to German revenge. The only hope of political victory through the intestine divisions of Germany rested on separate vigilance, to be followed by activity if an opening occurred. It was, above all things, necessary to repudiate the unfortunate Treaty of 1852, because the arrangement was equally unpalatable to the sovereigns who had signed it under coercion, and to the nation whose rights it had confiscated. It remained to watch for possible or probable divergence of opinion between the lukewarm patrons of Schleswig at Berlin and Vienna, and the enthusiastic advocates of the AUGUSTENBURG claims in the minor States. The interests of Denmark were postponed to considerations more immediately interesting to France.

About the beginning of the present year, at the time of

the Federal execution in Holstein, French diplomacy was more than ordinarily busy and sanguine; and perhaps it may for a moment have seemed possible to revive the former Protectorate or the Confederacy of the Rhine. Austria and Prussia had been defeated in the Diet, and they afterwards had some difficulty in procuring a vote that Schleswig should be occupied, and not avowedly conquered. Popular orators everywhere declaimed against the treason of the Great Powers, and the petty Princes followed the prevailing current the more readily, because the arbitrary dethronement of the House of AUGUSTENBURG constituted a precedent which might be dangerous to themselves. Accordingly, the legitimate pretender received a welcome at the Tuileries, and the Diet was induced to believe that Germany might count on French assistance in an internal conflict with the two great monarchies of the Confederation. The Prussian Minister, by his unscrupulous energy, leading Austria in his train, has since effectually baffled for the present the ambitious designs of France. Notwithstanding the protests of the national party at Berlin and Frankfort, it was certain that an army which, on any pretext, attacked Denmark would be regarded as the most effective instrument of the popular will. Every angry speech which is uttered in England confirms the faith of Germany in Prussia, because it expresses a feeling of indignation against the relentless enemy of Denmark. Even the easy victories which have been won please the general fancy, and at present a foreign assailant of Prussia would find at her back a united and formidable nation. The minor Princes are, perhaps, more alarmed by the predominance of Prussia than by the agitation which produced the war. It is even possible that they may be still intriguing for French support, but if they draw back they will no longer represent the wishes or passions of their subjects. If kings were mere proprietors, with provinces for their private estates, there would be a superficial kind of poetical justice in the loss of the Rhine as a penalty for the acquisition of the Eyder. The Germans are the less concerned to dispute the theoretical fitness of retribution, inasmuch as they have no present reason for dreading foreign aggression. The Danish war has gone far to redeem the failure of Frankfort, because every German regiment would be available if it were required for the prosecution of the campaign. The union of the petty Italian States was highly unwelcome to France, although the new peninsular Kingdom is still held in leading strings; but united Germany would be more unmanageable, nor would it consent to forfeit any Savoy or Nice by way of fine on its enfranchisement.

The policy of France has thus far consisted in prudent submission to unavoidable circumstances. If a disappointment is incurred, it is better to bear it in silence than to burst out in useless lamentations; but there is little tact in loudly congratulating a loser because he looks as if he had won the stakes. If England had maintained the Treaty of 1852, an undesirable or pernicious result would have been overlooked in the complacent feeling that English influence had been found irresistible. The unresisted invasion of Denmark is rather mortifying than injurious, and future French politicians will not fail to point out the perfidious astuteness of a Government which, by apparent opposition and hypocritical threats of hostility, has helped to raise up a great Power in the immediate vicinity of France.

THE VOTE OF CENSURE.

THE motion of Mr. DISRAELI was framed with considerable dexterity to avoid giving Government the advantage of raising collateral issues by which it might escape the condemnation to which its management of the Danish business had exposed it. A resolution expressing a general want of confidence would have enabled the supporters of the Cabinet to appeal to the financial successes of Mr. GLADSTONE, and to contrast the popularity of Lord PALMERSTON with that general and unconquerable aversion to Mr. DISRAELI which the country manifests almost as strongly now as when he first assumed the leadership of the Conservative party. A resolution attacking the whole foreign policy of the Government would have permitted the Cabinet to set its services in maintaining neutrality in the American war, and in befriending Italy, against its failure in regard to Denmark. It was quite wise that, if a charge of utter incapacity was to be made, it should be confined to the single instance in which Ministers have shown themselves incapable. But in fact it is impossible, when the propriety of passing a vote of censure is raised, to overlook the collateral considerations. It must come at last, as Mr. ROXBURGH said, to a question, if not of confidence, yet of preference.

If the Opposition come in at all, they come in to govern generally, and not merely to put a particular matter straight. And in this instance there were not only the general and remote effects to consider which must be involved in any change of Government—there was the special point to be decided, which issue of the contest would exercise the most satisfactory influence on the actual condition of European politics. Unless the Danes are to be helped at once, it is most cruel that they should be kept in hope any longer; and, as they cannot avoid looking to the result of this struggle of English parties to enlighten them, it was so far to be wished that the decision of the House of Commons might be that which would most wholly and immediately dissipate the slightest hope of English material assistance. It can scarcely be doubted that this would be most surely effected by the success of the Government. Whatever may have been the past blunders of the Ministry, however nearly it may have rushed into war, however it may have threatened and boasted, quailed and retreated, it at last came decisively forward and said that it was not for war. It told the Danes, and told Europe, that, so far as it could speak in the name of England, the Danes must rely exclusively on themselves. The voice of the Opposition was far less distinct. Lord STANLEY, indeed, denounced the very notion of war with the utmost vehemence; but General PEEL spoke of Denmark as of a nation which England was bound to protect by treaty, and intimated a consciousness of the cowardice and meanness of deserting her. Mr. DISRAELI declined to pronounce whether, if a Conservative Cabinet were in office, it would be for peace or war. He may have been justified in this; he may have been right in saying that he would not prescribe until he was called on, and that a new Government taking office might find itself hampered by undertakings of its predecessors unknown to the public. But, at any rate, he left the question undetermined. If Lord PALMERSTON stayed in, the last hope of the Danes was gone; if Lord DERBY was to come in, there must be a delay until the Conservatives had decided whether any reasons, private or public, would lead them to give Denmark aid. No one who knows England well can doubt that, whether Lord PALMERSTON was in office or not, this country would not go to war; but the Danes do not know this country well. They have been cruelly deceived. They have been misled by the talk of London society and the bold words of a large portion of the press. Even after all their disappointments, they fully believed that on the day when the Conference ended the English fleet would sail for the Baltic. They had even an insane belief that Jutland was already occupied by red-coated allies; they even knew the number, and put it down at thirty-five thousand. This may have been very foolish, but we have done them so much harm that we should at last do them the stern kindness of curing them of their most pardonable illusions; and this is most likely to be effected by the success of that one of the two English parties which says the most decisively that England will not fight for Denmark.

The general question also remains, which set of persons is to be preferred at the present moment as the rulers of the country, and we do not think that there has been anything in the debate to show that the nation would gain by having Lord DERBY in office now instead of Lord PALMERSTON. The Government is so powerless at home, it leaves the House of Commons in such a state of utter anarchy, it is so unable either to frame or to carry measures of domestic importance, that if Lord DERBY could give us a strong, compact, resolute Ministry, he would do us all a great service. The policy of the Government at home is also so conservative, in the sense in which Conservatism is identical with indifference and timidity, that few even of those who judge of Ministries by their willingness to pass Liberal measures could regret power passing into the hands of those who not only are Conservatives, but profess to be so. But at this moment, and in the present state of Europe, it is impossible not to look chiefly to the capacity of a Ministry to conduct the foreign affairs of the country; and in spite of all their blunders, in spite of the complete want of statesmanlike resolve and foresight which has characterized the Cabinet recently, we shrink from saying that we should prefer a Cabinet whose foreign policy was determined by Lord MALMESBURY and Mr. DISRAELI. It may be the fault, or it may be the misfortune, of the Conservative party that these are its leaders in foreign politics. But at any rate the Conservative party seems unable to get rid of these main causes of the distrust with which it is regarded. Lord MALMESBURY—the old, original, incapable, flowery, garbling MALMESBURY—represents the foreign policy of the Conservatives in the Lords, and leads the attack on the Government. Mr. DISRAELI, who is so far abler than

most of his party that he is sure largely to influence the course taken by the Cabinet to which he belongs, represents Conservative foreign policy in the Commons; and what is this policy? Partly it is a blank, and partly it is a policy which of all policies is sure in the long run to be most distasteful to England. Mr. HORSMAN hit on the real truth when he said that, although the Opposition was not bound to suggest a policy on a particular question while the course of the Ministry was still undecided, yet it was bound, if it asked for a vote of censure on its opponents, to show that it possessed those qualities which give the promise of a successful and resolute policy. This is exactly what the Conservative party has not done under the guidance of Mr. DISRAELI. It has never withstood the Government when it was wrong, it has never criticized the errors of the Government while there was still time to repair the mischief, it has never shown that it can think, and can teach the nation to think. This is not wholly true of the younger generation, and of the leaders of the second rank among the Conservatives. Even when they have been wholly wrong, Mr. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD and Lord ROBERT CECIL have shown themselves capable of taking an intelligible line on foreign affairs, and of trying to make others take it. But it is true of Mr. DISRAELI. Either he is merely vague, and general, and hazy on foreign politics, or else he betrays how strongly two ideas have seized on him which are as distasteful as possible to Englishmen. The first of these is the idea that England is to emerge out of the sea of political doubt by always clutching with a tight hold on to the skirts of the Emperor of the FRENCH; and the other is that it is the interest and vocation of England to discountenance and discourage in every possible way what he terms the insurrectionary party in Europe—the friends of Italian unity, the Liberal party in Germany, the Constitutional party in France and Spain and Austria, the opponents of the temporal power at Rome and of reaction at Naples. We cannot see that the House of Commons or the country would gain by substituting at this moment for Lord PALMERSTON a man possessed by ideas like these, and otherwise inattentive to and ignorant of foreign politics, although, when the Conservatives have the turn of office to which, on many grounds, they are fairly entitled, the influence of Mr. DISRAELI on our foreign policy must be accepted as a necessary evil.

But whatever other necessary evils there may be in the world, is Lord RUSSELL one? Our readers will know the result of Mr. DISRAELI's motion before we can address them upon it, and it may therefore be superfluous to inquire whether any member of the Cabinet is to hold his place. But if the House supports the Ministry—as, in the immediate interest of Denmark, and to keep Mr. DISRAELI on the shelf a little longer, it seems desirable that it should do—is it to be supposed that Lord RUSSELL will still think himself the right man in the right place? No man was ever so heartily abused, not only by his foes, but by his friends, as he has been. He has been like a target set up in front of extraordinary big guns, and whether the gun was a WHITWORTH or an ARMSTRONG, the result was always the same, and the shot passed invariably right through him. If he can stand the way in which Parliament has treated him, he can stand anything. In many respects he has done well as Foreign Secretary. He had tasks that suited him, and he has displayed courage and moderation. But latterly he has had to do the very things for which he is most unfit. He was invited to mediate in the original Denmark quarrel, and he suggested that the King of DENMARK should try his hand at managing four Parliaments at once. He had to express the feelings of the country with regard to Poland, and he managed so to express them that Russia gained a diplomatic triumph. He had to refuse a very important overture of France at a critical moment, and he refused it so that the offence lay in the manner more than in the matter of what he wrote. He had to decide how far England should go in menaces towards Germany, and in encouragement to Denmark, and he decided almost as badly as possible. If a vote of censure could have been moved on him, without involving the fate of the Cabinet, a majority of five hundred in favour of it is a moderate calculation. Lord PALMERSTON is not the man ever to save or glorify himself at the expense of a colleague, and Lord RUSSELL will probably have it in his power to stay in office if the Cabinet stays. But he would best consult his fame and his dignity by retiring; and, with all his faults, he has done enough for England, and acquired a name sufficiently historical, to make it a matter of regret if he voluntarily submits himself to needless humiliation.

MR. COBDEN IMPROVING THE OCCASION.

MR. COBDEN has had a great opportunity, and has improved it with characteristic tact, ability, and zeal. He is like a Temperance missionary who has the luck to catch his auditors on the morrow of a tremendous debauch, and who proceeds to administer the pledge to aching heads, disordered nerves, and shaky hands. Providence and Lord RUSSELL have supplied him with a "frightful example," and he points the moral with infinite gusto, and with an abundant outpouring of his very best unadorned eloquence. England is sick and sorry, and he seizes the propitious moment to preach for the hundredth time a sermon which no graces of oratory could ever render palatable to rude health. No time could possibly be more favourable to the moral effect of a lecture on the blessings and advantages of non-intervention than when a long course of meddling and muddling has terminated in something worse than failure. A good half of the preacher's doctrine is really true, and people are just in the temper for an uncritical acceptance of the other half. We have got a turn against diplomatic interference in European quarrels; and now, if ever, is the moment to preach up non-interference. What are foreigners to us, or we to foreigners? one is tempted to exclaim, on seeing what an awful mess our statesmen have been making in our name and at our cost. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. Let us retire from the world, and keep ourselves to ourselves, and cultivate our export trade, and leave international law, faith of treaties, balance of power, and the rest of it, to take care of themselves. Such is the burden of Mr. COBDEN's discourse, and there is no denying that it is well suited to hit the mood of minds wearied and nauseated by a series of diplomatic indiscretions which have ended in leaving us to choose between a suicidal war and a mortifying peace.

Nevertheless, it does not exactly follow, because Lord RUSSELL has rashly and ineffectually interfered to give effect to a European arrangement which many persons besides Mr. COBDEN consider intrinsically unwise, that therefore absolute non-interference in Continental disputes is to be announced to mankind as the future rule of English policy. Temperance is a blessed virtue, and alcoholic liquors are unquestionably intoxicating, but that does not quite prove that it is proper to take the pledge. There is such a thing as the moderate, reasonable, and necessary use of that which, administered in excess, is poison. It is at least conceivable that intervention in European quarrels may be as right and wise in some cases as it is wrong and foolish in other cases. Besides, taking the pledge is no security for keeping it. We may vow and swear that no earthly consideration shall ever tempt us again to meddle, either by arms or diplomacy, when a Continental war is going forward; yet it is certain that, when the time comes, our action or inaction will be determined, not by any verbal formula to which we may have previously subscribed, but by the view which we may then take of our national interests, duties, and responsibilities in regard to the particular quarrel and the particular combatants. It may be well to remember, too, that the mere fact of our having taken Mr. COBDEN's non-intervention pledge might perchance put us in the way of temptations which our frailty would else have been spared. Were it once generally believed by nations and governments that no imaginable inducement of wounded sympathy or outraged pride would ever lead England to take a part in any European dispute not directly affecting her own material interests, perhaps it would not be long before we should be hurried out of our ultra-prudent resolve by some very atrocious and exasperating piece of high-handed violence which otherwise would never have been committed. So, all things considered, the wiser course would seem to be, not to register a vow before the world that we will henceforward never interfere in European affairs, but to be exceedingly careful how we interfere without a reasonable prospect of accomplishing some useful and important end. We are glad to have Mr. COBDEN's searching and substantially just criticism on the wonderful mistakes which English statesmen have made throughout this Danish business; but, for all that, the "doctrine of non-intervention" remains much where it was before.

Whether the policy of absolute isolation which Mr. COBDEN recommends would really conduce to the peace of the world and the security and dignity of England, is a question on which, from the nature of the case, we have no experience to guide us. It may at least be said, however, that neither as a moral axiom nor as a rule of political prudence is the favourite dogma of the Manchester School a self-evident truth. Blank indifference to wrongs which do not immediately affect the spectator cannot be said to constitute an elevated type

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of character; and as it is occasionally practicable, with nations as with individuals, for the strong to prevent the oppression of the weak by a comparatively easy exertion or display of force, it seems undesirable to exalt inaction to the rank of a cardinal virtue. The notion of a code of international law, to be enforced against delinquents by an international police, may be visionary, but it is not intrinsically immoral, and it has respectable analogies to recommend it. Mr. CORDEN himself, with curious inconsistency, has at times appeared to cherish as his highest ideal a state of things in which wars of aggression and conquest would be interdicted by the combined authority—which means the combined strength—of the civilized world. We are far enough as yet from such a Utopia, and nothing is less to be desired than premature attempts to realize it; yet there seems no occasion to go to the opposite extreme. It is a little superfluous to extend the large license which armed oppression necessarily enjoys in an imperfect world, by proclaiming beforehand that the force of a great and flourishing Empire is in no case whatever to be available for the redress or prevention of wrong. Even Mr. CORDEN would probably acknowledge, if pressed, that the first article of his political decalogue admits of possible exceptions; and, if so, the sublime dogma becomes no more than a prudential counsel of uncertain authority and variable application. Suppose, for example, that Turkey was meditating the invasion and reconquest of Greece; Mr. CORDEN would perhaps be considerably shocked if no European Government thought it worth while to prohibit an international crime which would outrage humanity and injure the Manchester trade. He would, we presume, think it a perfectly right and proper thing (quite irrespectively of treaty guarantees) that France, or Russia, or France and Russia, should, in such a case, lay a peremptory interdict on the movements of the Sultan's fleet and army, and make the cause of Greece their own. If France and Russia, why not England? It is hardly necessary to observe that when an ethical doctrine is in question, one exception is logically as good as a score.

Even as a maxim of political expediency, sober-minded persons will find it impossible to assent unreservedly to a proposition which practically amounts to giving the great military monarchies of the world free leave and license to extend their frontiers at discretion, wherever their dominions may chance to abut on those of defenceless neighbours. There may be very sufficient reasons why England should not make it her business to prevent the Germans from appropriating a Danish province; but it by no means follows that England can judiciously proclaim to mankind that, so far as she is concerned, any and every great European Power may make itself as much greater as it thinks proper by seizing territory which does not belong to it. The "balance of power" is really not that self-evident absurdity which Mr. CORDEN considers it to be. It is, he says, "a thing which he never could understand." And he goes on to show that he does not understand it; for he conceives it to be "a figment which has grown out of what is termed the great 'settlement of Vienna.'" The balance of power was, however, an old story before the great settlement of Vienna, and the idea will probably survive, in one form or another, the obliteration of the last of the artificial landmarks which were (wisely or unwisely) traced by the diplomatists of 1815. We cannot say that we see anything in the least ridiculous in the notion of a general consent of nations to discourage—and, when practicable and convenient, to prevent—any one State from wrongfully acquiring the means of making itself dangerous to its neighbours. It may be admitted that England has sometimes given herself a great deal of superfluous uneasiness about apprehended disturbances of the European equilibrium; but there is certainly no difficulty in specifying at least one instance in which the European balance of power has a very real and practical meaning even for this country. The balance of power as between England and France, for example—that is, the existing ratio of attacking and resisting force—would be most essentially altered to our disadvantage if Belgium were French territory and Antwerp a French arsenal. Even from Mr. CORDEN's point of view (though we do not expect him to see it), it is a very material object with England to prevent a territorial readjustment which would impose on her the necessity of largely and permanently increasing her Channel Fleet. And if it is an object with England to prevent France, under any circumstances which can be imagined, from acquiring Belgium, it must be in a high degree expedient that England should cultivate a good understanding with States which have a common interest with ourselves in keeping France within her

actual limits, and which in case of need might do us good service as allies. So, turn it how we will, we have, after all, a solid English interest in Continental alliances and the balance of power. If Mr. CORDEN would only say, in so many words, that the "doctrine of non-intervention" means that it is to be open to NAPOLEON III. to pick a quarrel with Belgium, and that it would be no business of ours to save the little Kingdom from being swallowed whole by the big Empire, he would greatly assist plain people towards a just appreciation of the chief article of his political creed.

On the whole, we cannot say that Mr. CORDEN's latest exposition of the European policy of England is a valuable contribution to political philosophy. He talks much excellent sense about the particular question now before the country, and most persons will so far agree with him that there is always an antecedent presumption in favour of the expediency of keeping out of quarrels which do not visibly concern us. He has not succeeded, however, in proving that England can prudently or honourably renounce all part and lot in the international relations of a Continent which is within sight of her own shores. The wars and politics of Europe, the rights and wrongs of European Governments and nations, must always have both a moral and a political interest for this country; and it would be rash to assert that occasions can never arise when it would be the true wisdom of England to contribute her quota to that naval and military police which restrains disturbers of the public peace and breakers of the public law. The "doctrine of non-intervention" is a phrase which conveniently epitomizes a prudential rule of very general application, but it has no pretension to the character of a first truth in morals or of a universal axiom in politics.

AUGUSTENBURG AND OLDENBURG.

WHILE the Conference was going on, its ineffectual proceedings were for a moment interrupted and enlivened by a solemn announcement, on the part of Baron BRUNOW, that the CZAR—to show his magnanimity, and in the interests of European peace—had renounced his rights over the Duchies in favour of the Duke of OLDENBURG. The German diplomatists evidently knew beforehand what was coming, and as the other members of the Conference were assured that the cession of the CZAR's rights was very magnanimous, they had nothing to do but to say that they were very much obliged to him, and return to their ordinary occupation of making ropes of sand. What the CZAR did, when he thus ceded his rights, is one of the very obscurest questions that can be raised; but why he did it is a much more important matter, and, fortunately, is much more intelligible. English readers will probably be content with knowing that, at some distant and dark period, a Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, who was also head of the House of Oldenburg and King of Denmark, gave over certain detached portions of land in both Duchies to one of the younger branches of his family, and that these detached portions were ultimately ceded back to the main Dukedom in exchange for the Duchy of Oldenburg. The Emperor of Russia represents the elder branch of the OLDENBURGS, and he now gives up to the younger branch the portions of the Duchies which were long ago reunited to the main Dukedom by the forefather of all existing OLDENBURGS. If it were not Russia that was making the present cession, no one would pay more attention to it than if England were to pretend to cede Java to the Chinese, or VICTOR EMANUEL were to cede Cyprus to ALEXANDER JOHN of Roumania. But as Prussia and Russia are great friends just now, and as the question who is to have the Duchies when they are conquered is one keenly debated in Germany, the sudden creation of a rival to the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG has raised a natural suspicion in German hearts that there was something else than magnanimity in the cession of the whimsical claims of Russia. A short time ago, the cause of the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG was supposed to be triumphant. He suits the Germans of the Duchies admirably. They like his style and ways. He is a calm heavy man, and, like ORADIAH's bull, goes about his business with a gravity which forbids the suspicion that there could be barrenness of thought or pocket in a land where he should reign supreme. He is also the representative of the house which fought and suffered with the insurgents of the Duchies in the rising of 1848, and to see him on the ducal throne would be a patent and visible sign that times are changed, and that the Duchies are now triumphant. He has also allied himself heartily with the popular cause in Germany, and symbolises the movement of the small States and of the German democracy as opposed

to the two great Courts of Prussia and Austria. When the Conference opened, the great German Powers were anxious to engage the support of the Federal Diet. They wished to speak in the name of Germany, and as no step which they could take was more likely to enlist the popular sympathy than an open support of the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG, they announced that they were willing to hand the Duchies over to him; and Baron DE BEUST promised that the Diet would get over all formalities, legal inquiries, and succession difficulties at once, and immediately discover him to be the indisputable heir, so that Europe might not be kept in suspense. But after the Conference was over, and even while it was going on, it began to be clear that Prussia repented of this espousal of the representative of the very movement which Count BISMARCK most hates and fears, and the invention of the Duke of OLDENBURG afforded a happy opening for a new combination. A very petty unknown prince, related to the Emperor of RUSSIA, protected by the feudal party in Prussia, and pledged to uphold the good cause of absolutism in Schleswig-Holstein, might be a most acceptable substitute for the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG, whose name is associated with an insurrectionary movement, who has inspired a conviction that his Government will be a very liberal one, and who will derive such political influence as he may possess from his known sympathy with the popular cause in Germany.

Whether the two great German Powers will, when the critical time comes, quarrel with the smaller States, and with the great mass of the German people, no one can say as yet. Probably Count BISMARCK has not made up his mind. He is waiting to see how far he dare go. He has already been obliged to recede from the project of annexing the Duchies to Prussia, which he allowed to transpire before things were ripe for it, and he may probably think that the most profitable course for Prussia will be to occupy the Duchies during the interregnum which must take place after peace is made with Denmark, and while the claims to the succession are being decided. M. DE BEUST acknowledged that it was only when the two great States were agreed that the Diet could move fast, and there is no saying how long the Prussian occupation of the Duchies might last if Prussia should merely insist that the OLDENBURG claims should be very minutely and carefully weighed. No one will do German jurists the injustice of supposing that, if an inquiry were made into the legality of certain domestic arrangements in an obscure Duchy a century or two ago, they could not spin out conflicting documents of proof and counterproof to any amount; and meanwhile Prussian troops would hold the Duchies, Prussian authorities would collect the customs, Prussian partisans would intrigue for an abandonment of the cause of the popular candidate. It might happen that, in this way, Prussia would be suffered to annex some part at least of the Duchies, or, if not, that the Duke of OLDENBURG, or some other puppet sovereign, would be installed there to do the bidding of his big masters. Count BISMARCK has only done half his work yet, and if the popular party in Germany had the triumph of seeing their man placed on the ducal throne, he might find that his own adversaries at home had gained much more by the war than he had. Although the letters shadowing out a new Holy Alliance have been disclaimed by the Prussian and Austrian Courts, and although there is internal evidence that some of the letters can never have been addressed to their supposed recipients, yet these letters undoubtedly show an accurate acquaintance with the general policy of the three great Powers who were once parties to the Holy Alliance. Russia has in view the two objects attributed to her. She wishes to blot out the Polish question altogether. Her great aim is that Poland should be as Circassia—either a part of Russia or nothing. She also wishes to prevent the formation of a Scandinavian union, involving the occupation of both sides of the Sound by the same Power, and Prussia can help her materially in both directions. Austria also, as the EMPEROR showed last year at Frankfort, is bent on obtaining the guarantee of Germany for her Italian possessions, and Prussia alone can ensure her the guarantee she asks. Thus, for the moment, Prussia is in a position of great advantage, and Count BISMARCK is master of the situation. But he, too, has his object, as dear to him as the tranquillity of Warsaw is to Russia, or as the retention of the Quadrilateral is to Austria. He wishes to keep down the Liberal party in Germany, and more especially in Prussia, and for the moment he sees no way of disappointing and baffling this party so likely to be efficacious as the obtrusion of the claims on the succession which OLDENBURG has acquired by the magnanimity of the CZAR.

If we are no longer, on any pretext, to interfere in Continental affairs, if Holy Alliances are to be no more to us

than the junctions of savage tribes in Patagonia or Central Africa, and if we are a poor little Power with no recruits and no steel shot, we may at least express our sympathies and form our humble wishes. And if we are to hope or wish at all, it seems in every way desirable that AUGUSTENBURG should win and that OLDENBURG should lose. A better issue of this miserable war cannot be looked for than that the Duchies should pass under the rule of a Duke who represents the triumph of the Liberal party in Germany and Prussia over the feudal clique and the partisans of the Holy Alliance. As the Emperor of the FRENCH has clearly seen, it is greatly to the interest of France that the whole strength of Germany should not be massed together to do the bidding of the heads of reaction in Europe. The triumph of the Liberal party in Germany means the chance of repose for France, and the chance of victory for Italy; and nothing but the honest blundering pedantry and ignorant obstinacy of our Foreign Office could have caused it to alienate from England as much as possible the good feeling of those who, under many difficulties, are fighting the battle in which we love to take a share as speculative partisans. The Liberal party in Germany and in Prussia are quite averse to rendering any support to Austria in Italy. They regard the existence of a powerful and free Government in Italy as one of their own best supports; and it is nearly the same thing to wish to see the insignia of the AUGUSTENBURG in Schleswig-Holstein, and to wish to see the Italian tricolour in the Square of St. Mark. We have come in England to the conclusion that we will not go to war to restore the Duchies to Denmark, partly because, at this eleventh hour, we should not have a reasonable hope of success, and partly because, as it appears, we have no troops and no naval ammunition. We might long ago have arrived at the same determination if we had observed that, if the Duchies passed under the rule of the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG, they would only be transferred where they passionately desired to go, and that the probable result of the transfer would be the strengthening of the German party, whose aims are almost identical with everything in European politics that most readily commands the sympathy of England.

THE WAR IN DENMARK.

THE resistance of the Danes to the attack which they have challenged seems to be practically at an end. It is difficult to understand their reason for leaving a considerable body of troops in Alsens, if no serious attempt was to be made either to oppose the passage of the Prussians or to defend the island. A North American army loses twice as many men twice a week without any disturbance of its equanimity, but the Danish generals have no men to spare, and they have probably some regard for life. If the Germans wish to make themselves masters of Funen, their only difficulty will be to cross a strait a mile and a quarter wide. As the range of their artillery is somewhat longer, they may afford their troops protection during their passage; and perhaps they may avoid all risk by crossing the Belt at some other point, while they make a demonstration at Middlefart. The imperfectly iron-clad vessel *Rolf-Krake* has disappointed the expectations of the Danes on every occasion on which her services have been required. A daring naval commander would, at almost any risk to himself, have attacked the helpless Prussian boats while they were passing from the mainland to Alsens. There is no reason to suppose that a more strenuous resistance will be offered to the passage of the Little Belt. When the German armies have once landed in Funen, the Danish general will only have to choose between an immediate retreat to Zealand and the capture or destruction of his army. The numbers of the invaders can be augmented at pleasure, and, regiment for regiment, the Danes are scarcely a match for their trained opponents. There is reason to believe that the soldiers are highly estimable for their character, their intelligence, and their personal bravery; but they are insufficiently armed, they are perhaps imperfectly disciplined, and they have been ill-commanded. Since the beginning of the war, they have never succeeded in inflicting any damage on the enemy which could in any degree compensate for the loss which they have themselves sustained. At Düppel, after three months of preparation, they suffered their forts to be carried at a run; and in Alsens they have sacrificed 3,000 or 4,000 men, and a considerable amount of material of war, without a hope either of advantage or of glory. Their countrymen were inspired with an excusable confidence while the Dannewerke was occupied, and even after it had been unexpectedly evacuated for the purpose of

retreating to a more defensible position. They are not to be blamed if they now despair, when the hope of foreign intervention is at an end, since experience has shown the inadequacy of their resources against a superior enemy.

The mission of the King's brother, Prince JOHN, to Berlin and Vienna is, not without reason, supposed to indicate a possible pacification. As the good offices of the neutral Powers will not be renewed, the only hope of the Danes lies in direct negotiation, and perhaps they have been assured of the private support or mediation of Russia. It cannot be supposed that Austria has any motive for persisting in the war, except the fear of alienating German sympathy. Although Prussia may be more difficult to satisfy, the Danes may perhaps profit by the divided interests of the German Governments; and, if they can reconcile themselves to the final abandonment of Schleswig, the Kingdom itself may perhaps be retained or recovered. As long as the people of Copenhagen were confident of success, the King and the Government were, perhaps, unable to negotiate. At the Conference, the alternative of war was preferred both to the scheme of personal union and to the proposed division of Schleswig by the line offered by the German Powers. The Danes themselves have now ceased to be sanguine, and by this time they know, what they might previously have conjectured, that there is as little to hope from the English Opposition as from the Government. A peace of which the terms are arbitrarily prescribed by a conqueror seldom accords precisely with the abstract principles of justice; but even the treaties which NAPOLEON was in the habit of extorting from his victims were less intolerable than the useless decimation of armies, and the impoverishment of the people by the organized robbery of contributions. As the majority of Englishmen have, in spite of their inclinations, decided to leave Denmark to its own resources, any encouragement of prolonged resistance would be only selfish cruelty. It is better that the war should come to an end, and that one of the most unsatisfactory episodes in modern history should as far as possible be forgotten. In some cases, the memories of nations and of statesmen are unaccountably short, for Poland has, within a few months, disappeared from general notice. When Schleswig and Holstein have been definitively assigned to the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG or the Duke of OLDENBURG, some fresher subject will perhaps occupy the attention of politicians.

The short and inglorious struggle has confirmed the established faith in large battalions, and it has also proved the utility of attention to military details. Since the first war in Schleswig and Holstein, the Prussian authorities have bestowed their chief attention on cannon and rifles, and on drill and discipline. During the same time the Danes, secure in their remote position, have occupied themselves with more peaceable pursuits, trusting to their own bravery for protection against improbable aggressions. Unfortunately, courage and patriotism are not a sufficient equivalent for the newest fashion of rifles. For purposes of exhortation, no sentiment could be more appropriate than HECTOR's declaration that the one best omen was the defence of a man's country. Nevertheless, the Trojan hero was dragged behind the chariot of ACHILLES, and the Danes find it impossible to stand against enemies who deliver from their breech-loading rifles ten shots for one. Nearly a century and a half has passed since Prince LEOPOLD of Anhalt Dessau introduced into the Prussian army an improvement in the musket; and Mr. CARLYLE, who seldom passes over the material causes of important events, attributes all the early victories of FREDERICK THE GREAT to his father's attention to drill and to the "iron ramrods." The modern needle-guns are said to confer a similar advantage on the Prussian infantry, and unless the effect of the weapon has been misrepresented or exaggerated, foreign War Ministers will act wisely in considering the expediency of adopting the modern invention. In artillery the Prussians appear to have an equal advantage over the Danes. The trenches in front of Düppel were almost as safe as if they had been ten miles removed from the Danish lines, because the Prussian fire was always able to silence opposition.

Although the weaker belligerent has done enough for honour, the combats with the Prussians and Austrians by no means resemble incidents in a really national struggle. If General LEE had been at Düppel, or STONEWALL JACKSON at Alsen, even the breech-loading rifles would perhaps have failed to secure a victory to the Germans. The Confederates are almost as largely outnumbered in population by their enemies, and they are absolutely excluded from the sea, whereas the Danes are at present blockading the hostile ports. The Southern Government has, however, been implicitly obeyed when it ordered vast armies to be raised by conscription, and the whole resources

of the country have, by general consent, been placed at the disposal of the troops. Desperate and heroic resolution might perhaps have ennobled the fall of Denmark; but as the monarchy will probably survive the struggle, it is perhaps better that resistance has not been carried to extremes. The narrow spaces of Schleswig and Jutland offer fewer facilities for defence than the boundless regions of the American Confederacy; nor is the alternative of war permanent subjection to a hated race or actual extermination. The war is, in a certain degree, merely political, and it is carried on in accordance with European traditions. The entire slaughter has thus far fallen short of the weekly average which is reported from Virginia. In the early part of the quarrel, it was often asserted that the separation of the Duchies would eventually force Denmark to unite itself with Sweden, but at present there are no symptoms of any tendency to amalgamation. The Swedes have, like all the other neutral Powers, adopted the same line of conduct which is supposed to have covered England with obloquy. Although the means of Sweden and Norway are limited, it would have been possible to double the force of the Danish army, and to render all German efforts to contend for the command of the sea altogether hopeless. The cause seemed especially to concern the kindred nations of the North, but the Swedish Minister contented himself by verbal advocacy of the Danish claims in the Conference. It seems probable that feelings of irritation will survive the war; and the Scandinavian Monarchy still belongs to the remote and obscure future. Even if the three kingdoms were united, they would only be entitled to the rank of Belgium or Bavaria; but five millions of people ought to be able to defend their country against any possible invader. The union of the countries would be highly desirable, if it were agreeable to those whom it would concern; but there is little reason to suppose that it will result from the war with Germany.

PARLIAMENT AND THE GOVERNMENT.

WHEN a servant is under warning, we all know the unsatisfactory character of the relations which subsist in the household. It is not worth quarrelling about shortcomings on either side; and a dull, sulky, unconfidential intercourse is all that can be expected. The master expects nothing, and the servant feels it to be a sort of point of honour to do nothing. The day when the man's month will be up is looked forward to as bringing the only possible and substantial relief. This is much the aspect of the country towards the present Parliament. Constituents and representatives alike require a change. It is not worth while for a Parliament which is under warning to be active, or to feel any relish for its daily work; and it is just as little worth while for the country to demand or to expect exertion from a servant who must soon go about his business. No doubt much of the slowness of Parliament is to be attributed to the weakness of the Ministry; but though a sulky Senate is the complement of a tottering Administration, it is almost too much to expect vigour and spirit from Ministers who know that they will be thwarted and mortified in every attempt at legislation.

The two things act and react upon each other. To pursue, under another form, the analogy of a household, it may be said with truth that good masters make good servants; but it is equally true that good servants have a tendency to improve even indifferent masters. Indeed, all that is to be said about a Parliament whose time is up may be said about a Ministry whose time is up. It may be quite true that, on the whole, we do not see how to better ourselves, and that nothing would be gained—or rather that something would be lost—by exchanging Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE for Mr. DISRAELI and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. But all this does not reconcile us to the continuance of Sir GEORGE GREY at the Home Office, nor does it prevent us from seeing that most departments of the State are either mismanaged or not managed at all. It seems almost as if the memorable question of the Duke of WELLINGTON were daily receiving additional cogency. How the QUEEN's Government is to be carried on is the difficulty which presents itself, under so many variations, to serious politicians. And when it is said that the people are so contented, the country so prosperous, the substantial grievances so few, and our insular position so favourable to self-government, that, after all, it does not much matter, and we are sure to tide through the Doldrums, this is not saying much, or rather it is saying what is mischievous. All this is but a euphemistic apology for anarchy, and it is equivalent to asserting that skilled politicians are not necessary to the wellbeing of a State. If there had not been

an utter prostration and decay of the science of politics, and an utter absence of politicians, the United States would not have been what they are at this moment. And there is a tendency, in this supine acquiescence in the decay of English political life, to follow the fatal American precedent. There are probably not six sensible men in England, outside the Cabinet, who will deny that Mr. DISRAELI's resolution is, as far as its language goes, sustainable. *Omnium consensu*, the Government has committed grave political mistakes, and exhibited grave political faults in its conduct of the German question. But when we have to deal with the practical question whether the Government is to be displaced, and when this question is only answered in the negative by the practical consideration that it is not worth while to exchange one form of incapacity for another, we are merely thrown back on an antecedent and paramount difficulty, and have to ask ourselves whether political life is not dying out in England, and whether this is or is not a remediable evil.

Governments exist by the will of the House of Commons; the House of Commons exists by the will of the country; the country is dissatisfied both with its rulers and representatives, and does not know how to remedy an evil which it can only see and deplore. This is the extant state of things. Of course there are political quacks and theorists who find a remedy in a mere numerical extension of the suffrage. But the Metropolitan Members are not encouraging. Town Councils and Vestries have not hitherto exhibited a better model of representative wisdom and experience than even a Parliament so unsatisfactory as the present; and the political wisdom shown by Sheffield Committees and Reform Leagues is not such as to lead us to suppose—though we were to admit, with Mr. GLADSTONE, that every man comes into the world with a heaven-born qualification for the suffrage—that on the whole things would be better administered under their management than they are at present. Lord MALMESBURY and Sir GEORGE GREY are difficulties as things are; but it is idle to affect to believe that Mr. BEALES and such persons as the late Mr. WASHINGTON WILKS would not be at least as great difficulties under the good times promised by Mr. BRIGHT. Nor is it easy to see how political life and the race of politicians are to be recruited. With a curious and deplorable infelicity, the ranks of statesmen by profession and education have been lamentably depleted. Lords DALHOUSIE, CANNING, and ELGIN, Lord HERBERT, Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS, and the late and present COLONIAL SECRETARY are all specimens of men, if not born, at least educated and trained for administrative life. But the tree has been rudely shaken and only the mere leaves remain, and there are few new shoots. An octogenarian PREMIER will leave no ELISHA, even if there were a prophet's robe to bequeath to him. It will be said that everything depends on the constituencies; but even if constituencies possessed, which they do not, the power of selecting the best candidates, it would be difficult in the body politic to point out the quarters from which vigorous new blood might be safely transfused into the Parliamentary or administrative circulation. The legal profession, and the railway and commercial interests, are the leading powers of modern social life in England. They furnish most of the new men to Parliament, and perhaps it is not too much to say that they import into Parliament some of its most unsatisfactory elements; and this for the plain reason, among others, that statesmanship is not to be taken up by any man who has made his successes in another line of life or under the influence of other inspirations and inducements to activity. The satiety of life begins at about fifty; and few successful manufacturers, successful lawyers, or successful contractors get into Parliament before fifty. The greatest names in English political history—WALPOLE, BURKE, PITT, FOX, GREY, GRENVILLE, LANSDOWNE, PEEL, DERBY, PALMERSTON, LEWIS, GLADSTONE—never had any other calling than politics. It would be difficult to point out a dozen living men who even aspire to politics as the business of a life; partly because politics as a profession is an unremunerative one, and partly because the science of government is getting to be discredited.

The present state of things, a review of which naturally leads to some such reflections—as these, is sufficiently serious. Parliament will pass no Government measure; it will scarcely take the trouble of making a House. The Government is either incapable of proposing good measures or retains its followers with so feeble a hold that they cannot be forced out of languid acquiescence into active support. Mr. TENNYSON some time ago welcomed war as a useful and natural counteraction to the material tendencies of the age. Perhaps we want some storm to stimulate the stagnant activities of the

body politic. Party, and good sound personal hatreds and private vindictiveness, at least used to keep men alive. Any stimulant is better than that with one consent we should all retire into the Castle of Indolence. Drowsiness and apathy are growing evils. It might have been for their own credit if the present Government had resigned on their diplomatic failure; but it is past doubt that, with such a Government and such a Parliament as we now possess, and occupying their present attitude of distrust on the one side and suspicion on the other, the general interests of the community are suffering. But when it is urged that Ministers ought to have resigned, or that it would have been better that Parliament should have been dissolved, it must not be forgotten that there was no issue upon which to invoke a political crisis. The Constitution provides for a crisis; but no Constitution can be expected to have a remedy for chronic dissatisfaction and scepticism about everybody and everything. The dead-lock threatens to continue. If Parliament declines to displace Ministers, it is not because it trusts Ministers, but because it distrusts the only possible successors of Ministers. But no Parliamentary vote can make Ministers more capable, or teach Mr. GLADSTONE to curb his tongue or Lord RUSSELL to burn his pen, or take twenty years off Lord PALMERSTON's back, or add a single grain of sense to Sir GEORGE GREY's head. Nor, again, can the failure of a no-confidence motion make Parliament more conciliatory, or more submissive, or more energetic. Nothing is more aggravating to any Government than the sullen apathy of a Parliament which takes care not to break out into open rebellion. In politics, as in married life, one sometimes sees an ill-assorted pair knag, and sulk, and contrive to make things desperately disagreeable, yet carefully keep on the safe side of anything which would justify an application to the Divorce Court. Parliament has hitherto been cautious to stop short of anything which would entail dissolution; and an appeal to the country could scarcely be urged for Our Octogenarian PREMIER. But the patience of the hustings is long-suffering, and the materials for choice are scanty, and next year scarcely promises to furnish a more substantial *cri de guerre*.

AMERICA.

THE intelligence from America, though favourable to the Confederates, is by no means decisive. Notwithstanding his enormous losses in battle, and the probable sufferings of his army from fatigue and disease, General GRANT has still apparently the superiority in numbers. Occupying both sides of the James River and of the Appomattox, he is relieved from all anxiety for the certainty of his supplies. His lines in front of Petersburg are only ten miles from the head-quarters at City Point, and as the intervening road or railroad is covered by the Appomattox, it will be difficult for LEE to operate on the Federal communications. On the other hand, the system of passing to the left by successive flank marches has ceased to be practicable since the last navigable river in the circuit of Richmond has been crossed. When GRANT attempted to interrupt the railways to the south-west of Petersburg, his vigilant adversary baffled the design and inflicted heavy loss on the invaders. As long as the Federal army lies between Petersburg and the James River, General LEE is forced to guard the railway which leads to Richmond, and at the same time to secure Petersburg against any sudden attack. He has also been obliged to detach some of his best troops to protect Lynchburg and its neighbourhood, and, although the movement has succeeded, the diversion may for the time have seriously weakened the defending army. It appears that HUNTER has been driven back into North-Western Virginia, and, according to a highly probable Southern report, he has suffered severely in his retreat. AVERILL and CROOK are probably serving under HUNTER, but there is no account of the proceedings of General POPE, who was lately said to have been advancing eastward across the Blue Ridge. In Georgia, SHERMAN has at last suspended his advance, and he admits a not inconsiderable defeat in the Kenesaw hills on the 27th of June. General FORREST is supposed to be advancing from Tennessee, and another Confederate leader has occupied the town of Lafayette, in the direct line of SHERMAN's retreat. If the troops which defeated General BANKS succeed in crossing the Mississippi, General JOHNSTON may at last find himself strong enough to turn on his assailant, and perhaps to place him in imminent danger. In the meantime, he has performed a great service to his country by delaying SHERMAN's movements with an insignificant force, and by concealing his own weakness until his reinforcements arrived. At the beginning of the campaign, the Confederates prudently proclaimed

their ability to bring a quarter of a million of men into the field, although, as it now appears, they had no large force collected in any quarter, except the main army under LEE. The withdrawal of Federal troops from outlying points has now left many Southern detachments at liberty to march to the assistance of JOHNSTON; and if they can approach to an equality of numbers, the invading general will be skilful and fortunate should he bring back half his army to his starting-point at Chattanooga.

GRANT is in a far safer position than his colleague in Georgia, and although he can have little hope of taking Richmond, there is no reason for his abandoning the campaign. Two years ago, McCLELLAN was recalled from the peninsula by the movement of LEE upon Washington, and by the imminent danger of POPE. At present the Confederates have no force to spare for an offensive movement, although the line between Richmond and the Potomac is almost undefended. It is impossible to leave GRANT's vast army in the rear during an attack upon Washington, which would, after all, produce but little military advantage. If the Confederates could dispose of a numerous cavalry, they might profit by the local weakness of their enemies; but some unintelligible cause has apparently deprived them of the force in which alone they were formerly superior to the enemy. General SHERIDAN, though he was unable to join HUNTER, has returned safely to head-quarters, and he is said to have repulsed a Confederate attack while he was passing the James River. The strength of GRANT's army is still only matter of conjecture. Mr. WILSON lately stated in the Senate that Grant had been reinforced by 48,000 men since the commencement of the Virginian campaign; but if the Federal disasters have not been exaggerated by the correspondents of the New York papers, the losses in the different battles and combats must largely have exceeded the reinforcements. If, however, GRANT has still 120,000 men under his orders, it is highly improbable that LEE can meet him with equal numbers. Both generals have learned by long experience the advantage of fighting behind entrenchments, and thus far LEE, acting on the defensive, has for the most part compelled his adversary to run the risk of attacking. The movement by which General HILL defeated GRANT's attempt to seize the South-Western railroad was a brilliant exception to the wary tactics which the Confederates in ordinary cases adopt. The Federal Commander-in-Chief is bent on wearing out the enemy's strength, although he is habitually forced to expend at least two men for one. His admirers at home indulge, on a larger scale, in amiable calculations of the time within which the whole fighting population of the South must necessarily be killed.

There is no doubt that the great danger of the Confederacy is the want of men; and the hope of successful resistance is founded on the circumstance that an aggressive and invading Power also requires money. The Government at Richmond probably watches with eager satisfaction the depreciation of Northern currency. The premium on gold has risen nearly a hundred per cent. since GRANT crossed the Rapidan; and the price of 250 illustrates the sincerity and the credibility of the loud assertions of orators and journalists that the conquest of the South is nearly completed. Mr. CHASE has lately obtained authority from Congress to borrow 80,000,000*l.*, and he would be justly applauded if he could procure double the amount at almost any rate of interest. His engagements, however, to pay the dividends in gold are already becoming open to doubt. When a State contracts debts at 12 or 15 per cent. with a rapidity unknown in financial history, the proof that it is impossible to raise an adequate revenue naturally diminishes the confidence which is felt in the ultimate solvency of the Treasury. Unless the large income which is offered continues to tempt the capitalists of Holland and Germany, it seems impossible that the war can be maintained on its present scale. The daily supply of GRANT's army costs hundreds of thousands sterling, and it is at the same time necessary to provide for SHERMAN, for CANDY, for all the flotillas of gunboats, and for all the blockading squadrons. Nevertheless the North is by no means prepared to acquiesce in the independence of the Confederacy. The Federal States have thus far suffered comparatively little, as they have resolved to throw the pecuniary burden of the war almost exclusively on the future. Wages are high and profits are large, and Americans are rather gratified than alarmed by the consciousness of unparalleled national extravagance. A large section of the community profits in various ways, more or less honestly, by the public expenditure, and the ingenious citizens of New England and Pennsylvania have further contrived to turn the national necessities into an instrument of sectional profit. Under the skilful management of Mr. MORRILL,

the tariff has been again and again manipulated for the purpose of ensuring a monopoly to the cotton spinners and the iron masters. The first outbreak of Secession was at once hailed by the Protectionists as a fit occasion for public plunder, and every successive disaster encourages a repetition of the experiment. Notwithstanding the general ignorance of the principles of political economy, the Western States are probably beginning to understand the injustice of taxes which are imposed, not for the maintenance of the war, but for the private advantage of Mr. MORRILL's constituents. It may be presumed that, for some reason, there is considerable discontent in Ohio, as Mr. VALLANDIGHAM has recently reappeared in defiance of the President's illegal sentence of exile, and the Democrats have chosen him as a delegate to the Chicago Convention, which has been judiciously postponed until the fate of GRANT's campaign is determined.

OUR NOBLE SELVES.

FEW subjects that have come before Parliament of late years have been debated in a more characteristic way than the Report of the Public Schools Commission. For obvious reasons it excited warm and deep personal feelings. Probably a majority of the members of the two Houses have either been educated at a public school, or have sent, or mean to send, their sons there, or are in some other way intimately connected with some of them. Of the effects of this on the schools themselves, and on the suggestions made for their reform, we have spoken on other occasions; but one fact appeared whenever the matter was referred to, which, without being connected with the special discussions which have arisen on the subject, deserves notice on account of its inherent and characteristic singularity. Whenever public schools are under discussion, their numerous and zealous defenders always make use of one argument which it is impossible to misunderstand, and extremely difficult to answer in a way which shall be at once relevant and courteous. Stripped of a good deal of phraseology, the argument is—"I was at a public school; Eton or Harrow produced me; I, the Premier Baron of England, did with my own noble hands black the boots of the Archbishop of Canterbury; and in the face of that do you dare talk of reform? Can the system be bad which produced his Grace and myself?" Decency forbids, and indignation hardly thinks it worth while to prompt, an answer. No doubt noble lords and honourable members had their characters formed at public schools, and did derive from their teaching many of the characteristics which we now see in action; and what then? Is the fact that English public schools do pretty generally succeed in developing the children of English gentlemen into English gentlemen very like their parents a conclusive proof of the allegation that they are hardly capable of being materially improved? Is the average English gentleman the flower and ultimate quintessence of human nature? Perhaps he may be, but it is surely wonderful that English gentlemen in general should regard the fact as so palpable and self-evident that it may in all cases be assumed, without even any distinct statement of it. They will consent to discuss the question whether or not Eton boys ought to write Greek iambics and Latin elegiacs, and whether they should learn French or German; they are fully prepared to go into any matter about money, the payment of masters, and the general organization of the school; but about one thing they are perfectly clear. The discipline and general treatment which makes English boys into English men like their fathers, having been ascertained by experience, is not under any pretence whatever to be tampered with. The English gentleman is on no account to be substantially altered. Whatever else is to be done, he is to be let alone.

It is pleasant to see any class of people so perfectly well satisfied with themselves, and it is easy to see why they are satisfied. An English gentleman is, on an average, a very good sort of man. He is honourable, upright, brave, sensible, less idle than he might be, decent at all times, and moral when he is married, and sometimes before. In short, he is just the sort of person whom clergymen of a certain school (many of whom belong to the class themselves) describe as the amiable moral character who is inwardly full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. The corrupt interior may be, and generally is, a theological flourish. The exterior whitewash is in reality quite genuine, and corresponds very well with what it covers. Is it not a remarkable thing that men of this kind should have such a genuine and invincible confidence in and admiration for the class to which they belong and the system which has produced them, that they should feel no consciousness of any shortcoming, that they should be haunted by no ideal, that they should be utterly unable to conceive that there ever was or ever will or indeed can be, in the whole world, a race essentially nobler than themselves? Such, however, would seem to be the case. "Me me adsum qui factus sum," is repeated, in slightly varied modulations, by every speaker upon public education. It must be owned that the origin of such feelings is sufficiently intelligible. It is undoubtedly true that, as times go, there is hardly any other class in the world which can say as much for itself, as a class, as the gentry of this country. They have contrived to keep their wealth, their power, their social position, and a control over the general character and prejudices of the bulk of the people, to a

wonderful degree, and it may be doubted whether any other class of persons in Europe or America could say the same. This result is not one which ought to be in any degree despised. On the contrary, it is most important and significant; but does it really contain all that human beings ought to care about or try for? Ought the present generation of English gentlemen to be satisfied with the reflection that they have made provision for the reproduction of an indefinite number of persons just like themselves? Is there not a weak as well as a strong side to the character, and ought we not sometimes to look at that weak side, and see whether it cannot be strengthened? Let us leave the public schools entirely out of the case, and consider for a moment the grown-up men. What is the weak side of the average English gentleman?

In the first place, though the typical man who may be put forward as a model is, like other models, a very fine fellow in his way, the great mass of English gentlemen fall infinitely short of what they might easily be in their own line. We are usually told that a man thoroughly well educated according to our systems of education is fit for any position in which he may be placed, and is able to pick up with great ease and rapidity the special knowledge which his particular position may require. No doubt this is a very respectable kind of model, but how many persons are there who make anything like an approach to it? Is it not the truth that, when we see this sort of versatility and general aptitude—if, indeed, we ever do see it—we are apt to praise it as a rare and wonderful gift? And is it not also true that, of the enormous number of persons who have all received the education which is supposed to produce it, no more than an exceedingly small minority, who would probably have been distinguished men under any system, display any trace whatever of it? Let any one run over the names of twenty or thirty members of this class belonging to his own club, his own profession, or his own neighbourhood, and ask himself honestly whether they have ever displayed any remarkable qualities whatever beyond that sort of ordinary good sense and good nature which prevents a man who has had the luck to be born with a silver spoon in his mouth from quarrelling with his bread and butter. The world is full of all manner of tasks to which men with a certain degree of leisure might address themselves if they really cared for anything more than enjoying the routine of life in a routine way. Would not more of these tasks have been accomplished, if we were all the sort of models that we allege ourselves to be? That the last thirty or forty years have been years of reform and improvement is perfectly true; but it is also true that the reforms which have signalled them were absolutely necessary to the preservation of the whole social fabric; and the necessity for those reforms proves conclusively that there had been a vast amount of negligence and selfishness on the part of the very class which is supposed to be, in all fundamental particulars, so good and wise that its virtues may be assumed as an axiom. A long succession of English gentlemen had no doubt contributed greatly to the formation of the vast and splendid fabric of the British Empire; but the very same men were responsible, to the same or an even greater extent, for a vast mass of crime, pauperism, and misery of all sorts, great part of which is still to be found in the country—for the wasteful expenditure of enormous sums of money represented by a considerable part of the national debt, and for the corrupt, inefficient, and antiquated state of very nearly all the public establishments—for a system of criminal law cruel and capricious beyond all example, and for a system of civil law which, though not without its good points, was full of intricacy, technicality, and confusion of every description.

That many of these evils have been either mitigated or removed is perfectly true, but that the general turn of character to which they may be traced is much altered is a very different proposition. English gentlemen are still, as a rule, grossly ignorant—not, it may be, in comparison with the gentry of other countries, but certainly in comparison with the opportunities of acquiring knowledge which their position gives them. Almost every man of independent means might, if he chose, employ several hours a day in study of some sort, and would do so if he were not idle, self-indulgent, and absurdly self-satisfied. Yet how many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of such men there are who never read anything except a newspaper, and whose literary knowledge extends a very little way beyond a superficial acquaintance with a few common English books. Go to any Court of Quarter Sessions, and see how many of the magistrates would be able to stand an easy examination in Blackstone's *Commentaries*; yet the knowledge to be had from it is of the highest practical importance to them, and the book might be mastered in three or four months by the investment of two hours a day in reading it. Look at the ignorance constantly displayed upon all manner of subjects in the House of Commons, and at the air of something like pride with which it is exhibited. A member the other day, having occasion to refer in a clumsy way to Dr. Newman's *Apology*, observed that Dr. Newman had been led to Rome by considering "the Donatic controversy," as to the merits of which, said the speaker, "no man is more ignorant than myself." It would be absurd to expect every member of Parliament to be a great historian and divine, but surely he ought to know the name of the Donatists, and to have at any rate a general notion as to who they were, and as to the meaning of Dr. Newman's parallel between them and Protestants.

There is hardly a department of public affairs in which the bad effects of the ignorance and idleness of large parts of the com-

fortable classes may not be observed. Look at the storm created by the *Essays and Reviews*, and by Dr. Colenso, especially amongst the clergy. If, in the last and the early part of the present century, the educated part of the country had discharged any material part of their intellectual obligations in a moderately satisfactory manner, this could not have happened. It is true that a variety of physical discoveries have produced an immense deal of evidence bearing upon theological subjects; but the principles upon which the reception of that evidence depends, and the inferences to be drawn from it when it is brought forward, ought to have passed into commonplaces a hundred years ago. If any considerable part of the gentry had learnt the lessons which Tillotson, Warburton, Paley, and Middleton—to say nothing of Simon, Leclerc, and Michaelis—tried to teach them, all the modern discoveries in geology and other subjects would have created no alarm at all. They did not do so. They acted as their ancestors acted before and their descendants after them; they sneered at reason, and glorified feeling, which is, after all, only the amiable form of prejudice; and thus they transmitted to us, as we shall transmit to our posterity, a vast legacy of perplexity and confusion. The state of the law is a further instance of the intellectual deficiencies of the educated classes. The general principles of the subject are, or ought to be, no great mystery, and the broad facts relating to the state of English law are, or ought to be, sufficiently notorious. For instance, country gentlemen, at all events, ought to know that the law of real property is expressed, to a great extent, in language derived from the feudal system, that it is infested by legal fictions, and that the immense expense and trouble of investigating titles is entirely needless, and might be spared altogether if the law were reduced to a rational form. Obvious as all this is, the country gentlemen have never taken the trouble to understand or agitate on the matter. They have regarded schemes for reforming the law of real property as being, on the whole, suspicious things, infected more or less with a radical and revolutionary spirit.

These are trite illustrations; but it would be easy to go through other parts of our social system, and to prove to demonstration that, notwithstanding our brags about the noble character of the English gentleman, he is apt to be ignorant, idle, and self-indulgent in the highest degree when he is not under the immediate pressure of necessity. His self-indulgence is not apt to be vicious, and his idleness is not listless, but from his boyhood onwards he never puts his mind to hard work unless he is obliged. Considering who and what he is, and what sort of nation he has to help to govern, he ought to think it quite as unmanly to be unused to hard thinking and hard reading as to be indisposed to hard riding.

LADIES' LETTERS.

THE real idea of a letter by no means comes by nature. To some it never comes at all. Even practice, and the habit of sending missives by the post, does not bring it. We once saw a letter penned by a scullery-maid—a love letter, too—which illustrates our statement. She had been so far from mastering the epistolary theory as to inscribe her own name on the address, and to deposit her letter, when finished, in her own box, which she relied on for delivering its contents like any other letter-box. There it was found by the policeman who had been summoned to clear up a still more marked and inconvenient confusion in her mind between *meum* and *tuum*. As she wrote, she had not known whether she was writing to her lover or to herself. "Darling Tom" headed the sheet, but she talked to Sarah Ann. And this, we say, is no uncommon state of things. A great many letters betray the same inextricable confusion of ideas, and make no account of the mind or interest of the receiver, or of what capacity may be even possible in any other person of entering into the writer's strain of thought or narrative. She is content with expressing what in a certain degree interests or has interested herself; her mind does not go on to the question whether it can, in the nature of things, concern her correspondent. We are not speaking here of the working of self-conceit, which leads to similar mistakes in all the intercourse of life, but of confusion of ideas. Persons who are quite reasonable in their conversation, and are actuated by commonplace expectations in their talk, fall into this error in letters; and we have used feminine pronouns because, though it may be found everywhere, the most persistent and the most voluminous examples of the unsympathetic style are, we believe, to be found in the letters of women. Children, as a rule, begin in this way; they cannot propel their thoughts into the minds of the absent and the distant. Boys at school do so from necessity; they have to fill a sheet to mamma, and they have nothing but runs and innings to fill it with, though in their hearts they subscribe to the maxim that no woman ever did or can understand cricket. Serious men of sectarian views also pursue the same practice through mature years, as if in fulfilment of a vow never to write a letter on ordinary principles. They fill a sheet with texts, and append to every text chapter and verse, though the text is perfectly familiar to their correspondent, and they do not really expect a single reference to be verified. Such letters, however, whether from masculine or feminine pen, being in fact sermons, may be put out of court. Letters with an incongruous mass of detail, set down with intelligent recollection of the person addressed—mere soliloquies or effusions engaged in apparently for the purpose of clearing the writer's own mind, or because the point cannot be arrived at till

certain irrelevant formulas are gone through—are generally, though certainly not uniformly, indited by the female pen. It is an extension of sympathy of which all are not capable, to be sympathetic out of sight, and when full of personal affairs. Men are probably oftener than women wanting in this finer sense, but with them the defect shows itself either in blunt terse selfishness when they do write, or in neglect and forgetfulness; their indifference or deadness to the reader's habits of mind and possible interests is not naturally garrulous.

We have thought it well to make this reservation before granting to women that gift of letter-writing so universally accorded to them, and which is supposed to be owing to a more delicate adaptation of subject and style to the correspondent's mind and circumstances than men are often capable of. Sympathy is unquestionably a feminine attribute. He is singular, and to be pitied, who cannot answer for this from his personal experience, and it had need be an especial requisite in the matter of letter-writing, because women's letters are necessarily longer than men's. Where they amuse or delight us, it is by their closer insight—by the life, the order, the meaning they see in little things—by narrative which exacts minute detail. All this demands time and space. Every woman who writes well writes at length; not always, indeed, for she adapts her style to her subject, but she is never studiously terse. She allows her pen to flow; she says what she has to say in her own way. Now, it requires a fine perception to know to whom you can be long and even diffuse without being tedious, and this perception sympathy alone can give. Women think it worth while to tell smaller things than men; and it is worth while, because they see further into them, and discover character and intention in actions which to men are purely accidental. There are women of such finely microscopic minds that the narrowest sphere and the most seemingly uneventful life furnish to them a field for interest and observation by which we are large gainers at second-hand. Most letters are certainly the better for something positive in the way of events or subject, nor is it wise to exercise too continuously the power of making much out of what to others is nothing, or it results actually in much ado about nothing; but certainly some of the best ladies' letters we have known have been written under circumstances where others would have found nothing whatever to say.

We see, then, that in one point women have a natural advantage in the art of letter-writing; they may write of things, and often the most obvious things, that men may not. Their natural subjects are of a more domestic character than men's can be, and even social or public matters are all treated from a private and personal point of view. We like this, though we could not, and indeed ought not to, imitate it. A man ought never so far to forget his citizenship as to fall habitually into the exclusively domestic vein. He ought to convey a consciousness of something beyond home life, or he will strike us as either selfish or trivial; and this necessarily checks a good deal of detail which would be very pleasant from some pens, but not from his. Glancing over the letters which have won for women their high acknowledged reputation in the department of manuscript literature, they owe so much of their attractiveness to gossip, to their warm interest in the smaller commerce of life, to felicitous trifling, that what we began by calling *one point* we might end by calling the main point of their superiority where they are superior. Nor is this at all detracting from the merit of this accomplishment. A good piece of gossip told with playful malice, or with warm, effusive, trusting sentiment, is quite one of the pleasantest gifts the post can bring. Our spirits are the better for it; it is society at second-hand without the trouble; it is the study of human nature made easy. Another advantage possessed by women is that they can flatter with a good conscience. The same review of great authorities shows this. All thoroughly satisfactory letters from the feminine pen have a touch of flattery in them, or what would be flattery but that partial knowledge, blind feeling, and affection make it genuine. Madame de Sevigné is always flattering her daughter. The ladies of the last century—the Mrs. Carters and Miss Talbots—extol one another in neatly-turned sentences. Miss Burney lays herself at the feet of her correspondents. We look for the most dulcet, gracious criticism from our cleverer and more gifted female friends. They have the art of seeing the best, and can praise with a large, ungrudging expansiveness. We do not expect this from our masculine critics, from whom we should hardly know how to take it; but it is pleasant nevertheless, and constitutes another feature of that sympathy which we have recognised in ladies of graceful fluent pen. The great test of excellence in this art is, of course, how a letter is received—what effect it produces before the seal is broken. We cannot guess what it may be about; the writer may live in scenes remote from our knowledge and personal interests; but we know, on sight of her handwriting, that she will either find some means of bringing us into close connexion with her concerns, or that she will throw herself with warmth and intelligence into ours.

It must be owned, however, that the gift of writing very entertaining letters is compatible with a very imperfect sympathy, perhaps not as a natural defect, but one frequently present and uppermost at the time of writing. The temper and the personal habits that lead to letter-writing argue certain qualities and tendencies. It is a mark of fidelity in friendship to keep up the practice month after month, and year after year, where there is no family necessity for doing so, nor any call of mere interest; but we suspect this constancy is often marred by jealousy, and by a proneness to unpleasant hints and grievances. A good many people are not as

amiable in their letters as in personal intercourse. We think it probable that the task of looking through a past correspondence between intimate friends will, in most cases, leave the impression of a less unbroken harmony than might have been looked for from the renown of their friendship. A printed correspondence, it is true, does not always, nor indeed often, prove this; but published letters are generally by women who have lived much in the world, and been concerned with public interests; besides which, there is no knowing what the editor's work may have been in adapting them for publication.

Again, the ardour which leads to effective letter-writing often goes with a constitutional want of caution, so that the review of an old correspondence between two active-minded ladies may sometimes amaze us by the imprudence it betrays in the common affairs of life. Every intimate, genuine, clever private correspondence is a revelation. We are perhaps painfully impressed by the amount of excitement wasted on what was not worth it; the vehement likes and dislikes got up on merely temporary evanescent questions; the sacrifice of mutual acquaintance to a common cause—perhaps a good or generous one, but taken up with a heat and disregard of collateral interests which belongs so often to zealous feminine benevolence, and which finds a freer (or at any rate a more lasting) expression on paper. It is on looking back on a social or family crisis that we learn with how small an amount of wisdom not only the great but the little world is governed, though in this lesser sphere there may have been only too much cleverness at work. But, after all, what letters and what management can ever really stand the test we are here proposing?

The age of letter-writing begins earlier and lasts longer with women than with men. It is amazing what good letters girls sometimes write. They have a style peculiar to themselves, in which everything is a sort of quaint sham and pretence—the experience, the wisdom, the sentiment, the humour. All is an imitation of something else—a tone that is caught from somewhere, an echo of society, but put together with a sweet audacity, an innocent swagger of knowledge of the world and of the heart, and an affected precocity, that are often perfectly engaging. We know nothing more cheerful than one of these effusions inspired by hope and bright prospects, redolent of spring, and insolent with the spirit of youth and virgin liberty. Our ideas of life gain a temporary glow under the influence. We would particularly entreat young ladies possessing this delightful gift to keep it for their friends, and not to suppose that the *eloquence du billet* can be diverted into successful novel-writing. A note to a confidante may be quite a perfect composition in its way; the gravest critic may read it with approval, wondering how it is done, how anything so graceful and piquante can be made out of such small material; and yet it may have no kindred whatever with the fancy and observation that go to a readable work of fiction. If every young woman does not know this, it is often as much her friends' fault as her own.

The present system of postage encourages too easy a style. Children are set to write letters from the cradle, and the result is often a strain of fluent phrases that does not demand the faintest effort of thought. The pen goes quite of itself for three or four sentences together, without a pretence of communication with the brain; and when it does pause, the merest jog sets it off again, and so on to the end of the paper. This facility of saying things without the trouble of infusing self into them, or any characteristic of the writer, is sometimes the inevitable consequence of drudgery, and, as such, to be excused. Few persons, however, are above boasting of the number of letters they can and do despatch by a single post. It is highly gratifying to an active-minded woman's sense of usefulness and importance to count up the pile before her, but this fluency is as likely as not a sign that her style is conventional; none of those dozen letters have in them, probably, anything of the ideal letter as distinct from the circular. The activity of the present age in its tendency to division of labour is likely to manufacture a vast number of impersonal letter-writers. We have seen it proposed to the daughters of a family that one sister should write to all the brothers at school, and that another should answer all the inquiries about servants' characters, as if both were equally machine work, to be got through with the least wear and tear of thought and expense of precious time. The young lady who despatches the boys by this steam process may visit the poor in more systematic fashion for this economy of thought, and may influence her generation, but we foresee that she will not powerfully influence her brothers. Yet there must be a family chronicler in every circle, who ought to be excused if she lacks freshness. Who does not know those sheets full of family movements, which are little better than cipher to the uninitiated—full of transitions from the Oaks to the Elms, from Marygold Place to Woodbine Cottage, from the Laburnums to the Lilacs, from King's Court to Knight's Pleasance! And what can be more exasperating reading, if anything depends on following it?—especially if the receiver boasts of no high-sounding or poetical dwelling, but must for his part be defined by his number, like a convict or a policeman. Then there is the journalist, who gives the history of events from day to day. Ladies of this turn get frequently thanked for their "nice long letters." And here, in passing, we would offer advice to all persons who are often complimented with this form. All men—and we cannot suppose such a difference in the sexes but we must add, some women—have a certain revulsion of feeling on the first sight of several closely-written pages; unless, indeed, they are cheered by experience, and

then they forget the length in grateful acknowledgments of another sort.

Ladies' letters, as a rule, give a cheerful busy view of life. Indeed most social letters give an idea of greater stir and variety in the existence they picture than is strictly true. Visits, business, and engagements take up all the space in telling, and the long, barren, dull intervals are passed over, and make no impression. But some women, bright enough in talk and manner, choose in their letters to represent life as a cheerless void, and their friends as neglectful and inconsiderate. In a former generation, the same humour used to show itself in vague melancholy and reproaches against fate. The strictly sentimental letter is of a similar date, and we suspect has gone out with the coming in of the penny post. The moralizer, also, is a thing of the past. When letters cost a good deal it was supposed that they must have as much weight of matter as the writer could put into them. Trifling details were felt to be unworthy of a long journey and a heavy postage. There is, in our day, a pervading disparagement of good advice, that almost influences the giver of it. All our own associations, at least with this style, are connected with large sheets, folded, written close at both ends, perhaps crossed, and with the address inscribed on the back.

Nothing that has been said of men, and their change of habits in this respect, can apply to women. The topics that have always formed the staple of their letters are still sacred to privacy. Their time, as a rule, is as much as ever at their own disposal; their allegiance to friends is still (in the main) undisturbed by conflicting relations with the public. Considering the prodigious number of letters written by women, the immense and ever-growing power of the post, the still magical appeal of the unmistakable double-knock—considering that the gay, the serious, the descriptive, the didactic, the social correspondence of the world is in their hands, and all the management that grows out of it—with undisputed command of this engine, men are ready to ask, what can woman possibly want with a wider field of influence or more occupation for her time and energies?

SHIRES AND THEIR CAPITALS.

A QUESTION as to the proper place for holding the Assizes for the West Riding of Yorkshire has lately produced a difference of opinion between the two Houses of Parliament which, in an earlier state of the Constitution, might have led to serious results. A similar question in another county, not having arrived at a stage in which it could reach the Parliament or the Government, has probably hardly been heard of out of that county. But it is certain that a motion which was supposed, rightly or wrongly, to indicate a desire to give the county of Somerset a single Assize town instead of two has caused considerable local excitement and drawn forth a considerable amount of local patriotism. Division seems to be somewhat unpalatable in Yorkshire, and union seems to be more decidedly unpalatable in Somersetshire. The question in both cases is an eminently practical one, and ought to be decided on purely practical reasons. But, as commonly happens in England, the practical business of the present has its roots deep in the events and institutions of the remote past. Why it is that nobody in Gloucestershire would think of holding Assizes or Sessions anywhere but at Gloucester, while no place can be found in Somersetshire which gives equal satisfaction to all parties, is at once explained by a look at the map. Gloucester is nearer than any other considerable town to being the geographical centre of Gloucestershire, while it is altogether the practical centre—that is, the point where the railways of the county converge. In Somersetshire no considerable town is so nearly central as Gloucester is in Gloucestershire, and the point where the railways converge can hardly be called a town at all. It is manifest that it is most convenient to give Gloucestershire a single centre—one place where all county business shall be transacted—while it is most convenient to give Somersetshire two centres, and to transact the business alternately in its Eastern and its Western division.

Thus much the map tells us, and this is quite enough for modern practical purposes, but the root of the matter lies deeper. How is it that counties assume such different forms? that some lie conveniently round one central town, while others seem to have been mapped out without reference to any town at all? Again, it is manifest that the nomenclature of our counties falls into three divisions. Some are simply called after a town, as Gloucestershire, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire; others retain the name of some old kingdom or principality without reference to any town at all, as Kent, Essex, Cumberland; others, though not called after a town, contain a town with a name of cognate origin, as Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, connected severally with Somerton, Wilton, and Dorchester. Again, it is manifest that these several classes are local. Those counties which answer to ancient kingdoms speak for themselves. Kent, Essex, Sussex, retain their names, and have hardly changed their boundaries; East-Anglia has simply undergone an easy division between the North- and the South-folk. It is in the three kingdoms each of which is now divided into several distinct counties—those of Northumberland, Mercia, and Wessex—that the history of the formation of counties must really be studied.

That history is one of the most obscure subjects possible, and we can do nothing now but point out some obvious groupings of facts, and make some very vague suggestions as to their

possible explanation. Our counties are so old that they have acquired a sort of physical being; a redistribution of them seems as much out of the question as a redistribution of our hills and rivers. It is this antiquity of our local divisions which makes it possible to study the history of England proper from the tenth century till now with a single map, while the maps of France and Germany become antiquated from century to century. Our boundary never alters, and our internal divisions alter as little. But it is very easy to see that those divisions must have been formed at different times and in different ways. A most marked difference is shown in every way between the counties in Wessex and those in Mercia. It is obvious at first sight that the Mercian counties are all but universally called after a town, while the West-Saxon counties are all but universally not so called. It is nearly as obvious that the Mercian capitals are, for the most part, fairly central, while in several West-Saxon counties it is found to be difficult or impossible to agree upon a common centre. Most of the Mercian capitals still remain the greatest towns of their several counties, and, where they are not so, it is owing to the unexpected growth of some other town in modern times. Birmingham has outstripped Warwick, but Birmingham would not be a convenient centre for Warwickshire. All the Mercian capitals, Nottingham for instance, are not equally central, but to be central is certainly the general rule. Three Mercian counties alone present some exceptional features. Rutland—no native, we may add, ever speaks of Rutlandshire any more than of Cumberlandshire—Rutland, the smallest of all counties, is the only one in Mercia which has a perfectly distinct name of its own. Its great neighbour Lincolnshire, again, is evidently an aggregate of earlier smaller divisions. Lindsey, Kesteven, Holland, still retain their names, and, with their names, some degree of administrative independence. The name of Shropshire again, though cognate with that of its chief town Shrewsbury, is not derived from it.

In Wessex, on the other hand, there is only one case where the county is called from a town. At first sight it may appear that there is none; Hampshire and Wiltshire might seem to belong to the same class. But Hampshire is a mere contraction for Hamptonshire—the County of Southampton, as it is still formally called. Wiltshire, on the other hand, is analogous to Somersetshire and Dorsetshire—the shires severally of the *Wiltetas*, *Somersetas*, and *Dorsetas*. In Devonshire, the shire of the *Dofnasetas*, a syllable has been lost just as in Wiltshire. The word of course means *sitters* or *settlers*. It occurs in a High-German form in words like “*landsassen*” and “*hintersassen*,” and in the proper name “*Elsass*,” the Alsace of the French, whose English form would be *Elsetshire*.

From all this it seems to follow that the West-Saxon counties are older than those of Mercia. The West-Saxon shires seem to be principalities gradually formed at the expense of the Welsh, and consequently laid out without any regard to any central town. They still keep their ancient names—the names, for the most part, as we have seen, of the tribes by which they were occupied. Why is Hampshire an exception? It is a fair guess that that shire has been the only one to take the name of a town because it was the oldest possession of all—the original Westseaxnare, which, as the Kingdom grew and took in other principalities, required a distinctive name. The name is an old one, being found in the Chronicle as early as 755. But the Mercian counties are evidently reconstructions of the old principalities. Lincolnshire, as we have seen, consists of several put together; on the other hand we know that the Kingdom of the Hwiccas included the shires of Gloucester, Worcester, and part of Warwick. The Kingdom of the Magasetas, which, according to West-Saxon analogy, should be *Maysetshire*, has taken the name of its chief town, Hereford. These marked differences suggest that the Mercian counties were formed in quite a different way from those of Wessex. They clearly do not in anything like the same degree represent ancient principalities. They seem to point to a redistribution of the country at some later time. And perhaps a reason for this difference may be discerned. Wessex was the Kingdom which finally grew into England; its sovereigns became sovereigns of the whole land. Wessex, again, was less affected by the Danish invasions than any other part of England. The Danes plundered and fought battles, but they never made any lasting settlements within its borders. Mercia, on the other hand, went through many more revolutions. It became tributary to Wessex; it was incorporated with Wessex; it was not only overrun by the Danes, but large districts, including five of the chief towns, were occupied by them, and were not reduced without much hard fighting. If Mercia, then, went through so many changes, while Wessex remained comparatively settled from a very early time, it is not wonderful if the older divisions lasted on much more unchanged in Wessex than in Mercia. We can understand that Mercia may have needed rearranging, while Wessex never did. And in a formal rearrangement, whether done gradually or at once, it would obviously be convenient to lay out the divisions, wherever it could be done, with reference to a central town in each. Where a shire had arisen, as in Wessex, by successive conquests from the Welsh, no such reference could come in. If this view be true, the West-Saxon shires grew, while the Mercian shires were made. In Wessex the shire was older than the kingdom; in Mercia the kingdom was older than the existing shires. A Mercian county carries you back to nothing beyond an Earl, or at most an Ealdorman; but when you read on one occasion of five Kings of the West-Saxons, you feel pretty sure that their Kingdoms still exist.

Probably they were the head King at Winchester and the under-kings of the Wiltsets, Somersetsets, Dorsetsets, and the men of Berkshire—Devonshire and Cornwall being still unconquered.

The phenomena of the Northumbrian shires are much more puzzling than those of either Wessex or Mercia. This is probably because Northumberland has gone through many more changes even than Mercia. A large part of the kingdom is now Scotch. In the still English part, we find the vast county of York, called from a city, but seemingly an aggregate of smaller shires. To the north lies Durham, an ecclesiastical principality, to which the name of shire is never given; and, finally, the name of the Kingdom itself, lost in both Wessex and Mercia, has retreated into a corner. By the side of these lie the shires formed out of the old Strathclyde or Cumbrian Kingdom; Lancashire, like Yorkshire, an artificial aggregate, including, it would seem, some districts conquered from Mercia; Westmorland and Cumberland, clearly old principalities, and the latter, like Northumberland, retaining a name which once was more extensive. The origin and progress of these differences would be a good subject for some of the learned men of the Surtees Society.

The Welsh counties were formed at various times, several being as late as Henry the Eighth. We have heard it acutely remarked that in some of them the local capital seems to have been chosen for the convenience, not of the inhabitants, but of the Judges. Thus Monmouthshire is in the Oxford circuit, but the Judges are not required to go further than the merest border of the debatable land. They just step into the county, find the assize town, Monmouth, close to the edge, and step out again. The place for the convenience of the county would be Newport, the largest town, and, though not geographically the most central, yet practically so as being the point where the railways converge. The town of Cardigan, again, is just on the borders of Pembrokeshire, apparently to save the South Wales Judge a longer journey into so wild a region as Ceredigion. The same bad arrangement did exist in Glamorganshire, but it is now reformed by having Assizes alternately at Cardiff and Swansea.

All this is a curious illustration of the way in which, in an old country like this, we have to go back to very remote times to find the historical explanation of familiar and practical phenomena. The principality of the Somersetsets grew up gradually, won bit by bit from the Welsh; it has never been divided, and it has therefore remained to this day without any central or permanent capital. After some of the Mercian revolutions, it was found convenient to divide the principality of the Hwiccas, and the shires of Gloucester and Worcester were probably laid out with some reference to the central position of the two towns. We may go a step further. On the borders of the Hwiccas and the Somersetsets lies a greater city than any contained within the borders of either, but over which neither people has any right. Bristol is not the capital of any county, because, like the Imperial Free Cities, it was great enough to acquire independence for itself. The formal rank of a separate county is shared with it by several other cities and towns, but in the case of Bristol the geographical position of the city gives it a special importance. The position of Bristol suggests that of a greater city still. London seems to have been great enough not only to make itself independent of Essex, but to draw a portion of subject territory with it. For Middlesex, under the jurisdiction of sheriffs who are neither chosen by the inhabitants nor appointed by the Crown, is really in a position not unlike the subject territory of a Greek or German city. The sheriffs of Middlesex, unlike those of other counties, are elected, but they are not elected by the Middle-Saxons, but by a body which is really an alien and dominant oligarchy. Were London an independent republic, this would be a practical grievance as much as any undergone by subject districts elsewhere. As it is, it only illustrates the singular way in which all the various phenomena of sovereign commonwealths, their internal constitutions and their relations to one another, may be found repeated in small in the institutions of communities which are purely municipal.

THE SEXCENTENARY OF MERTON COLLEGE.

THE most ancient College in our most ancient University has recently held its Sexcentenary. So remarkable an event deserves something more than a passing notice. We have lately heard much of the Shakspeare Tercentenary. But the year 1564, when Shakspeare and Galileo were born, was itself the Tercentenary of Merton College. We have before us the astonishing spectacle of a society with an unbroken continuity of existence from the time of the son of King John, governed until the other day by statutes more ancient than those which are counted even among the foundations of the Common Law, and yet not the least distinguished among the Colleges of Oxford for its vigorous adoption of the most modern University reforms.

It is difficult to realize the full import of this Sexcentenary celebration. The England of Walter of Merton, Founder of Merton College, Chancellor, and Bishop of Rochester, is scarcely the same as the England of Queen Victoria. When Merton College was first founded, feudalism was at its height, the Papacy was in its noonday of splendour and power, scholasticism reigned in the schools. The English Constitution—nay more, the English race and language—were yet unborn. The great law of family entail which has for so many centuries overshadowed the land was as yet unknown. Simon de Montfort had not yet sum-

moned the knights and burghers to the Commons' House of Parliament. The political songs which celebrated the popular hero and saint were written in Latin. Normans and Anglo-Saxons were still distinguishable. The superior Courts of Law were not yet settled at Westminster. The Court of Chancery did not exist. The University itself was not permanently domiciled in Oxford. It was in this antediluvian England that the College first saw the light. But it is also true that, if we consider the great and manifold changes then imminent, the year of the foundation of the College may almost be taken as the last of the mediæval darkness, and as the first of that brighter era of awakening national life which was, as it were, the dawn of the Reformation.

To Walter of Merton belongs the glory of being the founder of the Collegiate system. Before him Colleges did not exist. His College was the archetype of all Colleges that have ever since been founded. And therefore, when in 1598, in the wardenship of Sir H. Savile, the great Founder's tomb in Rochester Cathedral was restored by the College, it was in simple truth that there was written upon it the proud inscription—"Re unius, exemplo omnium quotquot extant Collegiorum fundator." University and Balliol Colleges, which are commonly supposed to be of greater antiquity, were in fact subsequent to Merton as colleges. In 1264, the year of the foundation of Merton College, they were no more than Halls; of which University to this day retains the trace in its legal designation as the "College of the Great Hall of the University." It is true that, some fifteen years previously, William of Durham had made a bequest for the perpetual endowment of twelve masters; but it was the University itself which was selected by his executors as the trustee of his bounty, and it was not till 1311 that his scholars obtained the privileges of self-election and self-government. In the same way, John Balliol, in 1268, gave out of his personal exhibitions "to certain poor scholars till he could conveniently procure an habitation and settle land on them." It was not till 1284 that his widow Devorguilla purchased a tenement in Oxford, and settled it, together with land in Northumberland, on the scholars. "The idea of a self-governing society, with perpetual succession, distinct from the houses of the monastic orders, established in Oxford itself, and designed mainly to support scholars, was scarcely realized in Balliol's institution. This was reserved for a greater benefactor, whose conceptions, however, were by no means matured at the first effort."

There are still extant, among the earliest muniments of the College and elsewhere, documents which enable us to trace the gradual elaboration of Walter of Merton's great idea. His first essay, indeed, as a benefactor, was the foundation of a hospital at Basingstoke, a place with which he was nearly connected through property and through blood, and where both his parents were buried. It was probably in grief for the recent loss of his mother Cristina that he devoted the house which he inherited from her at Basingstoke to the purposes of a hospital for the support of poor Christian travellers and decayed ministers of the altar. This house he dedicated to his favourite patron saint, St. John the Baptist. In all his subsequent greatness, even after the full development of his College, he never forgets this his first humble tribute of filial gratitude and love. He associates it with his College as the last resting-place of his failing Oxford scholars. He obtains for it the patronage of the King and of the Pope. He commends it, in one of the last titles of his latest statutes, to the loyal and loving care of the scholars of his house.

The foundation of 1264 was by no means the earliest form of Walter's educational conception. We gather from a charter of Richard Earl of Gloucester, in 1262, that his first idea had been to assign certain of his manors to the Priory of Merton in Surrey (whence the name of the College, as well as, probably, that of Walter himself) or other religious house, for the support of "clerici in scholis degentes." This is noteworthy, as showing that at that time he had it in mind to follow the then prevalent custom of vesting exhibitions for poor academical students in religious houses, which, as corporate bodies, afforded the only known facilities for a perpetual endowment. But apparently he changed his mind, for in another document, probably of the year preceding the first foundation of his College, we find an assignment of the same manors, not to a religious house, but to and for the lifelong support of eight of his nephews "residing at the schools," and their successors, together with a warden and ministers of the altar. This document throws light on the objects which Walter subsequently had in view in founding his College. For we see that his earliest foundations were secular and literary in their character, rather than ecclesiastical.

So far we have scarcely got beyond the limits of a family arrangement for the education of his kindred. But in 1264 the fruitful idea which has since germinated in a cluster of kindred Colleges at both Universities was first traced in full outline. In that year the first code of statutes was given to the College. The "late Chancellor" founds at Maldon, in Surrey, a house, under the style of the "House of the Scholars of Merton," for the perpetual maintenance of twenty scholars residing at the schools in Oxford, or elsewhere where the University may happen to be (scholarium in scholis degentium Oxoniæ, vel alibi ubi studium vigere contigerit), together with two or three ministers of the altar resident in the house. The administration of the house is vested in a Warden (*custos*), whose position is barely one of superiority over the scholars. There are also lay brethren (*fratres*) or bailiffs, who attend to the cultivation of the estate. The scholars (in whom the property of the manor is vested) have perpetual succession, and are self-elective, with a preference in favour of the

Founder's kin, if fit. They are to be fellow-lodgers in one hostel (*hospitio*), and to wear a common garb, "in token of unity and mutual love." Each scholar is to receive 50 solidi per annum (between 50*l.* and 60*l.* of our money). He forfeits his place if he becomes a monk. We have thus exhibited to us "an institution divided in locality; the head, with the economical and ecclesiastical part of the body living in one place in the country, the academical in another, where its academical functions could be effectively pursued."

In 1270 the Founder makes an addition to the endowment of the house, and issues a second body of statutes to confirm, in time of peace, his former foundation "during the late troubles" (tempore turbationis in regno Angliæ subortæ). Four years later, in 1274, the third and last code of statutes is promulgated, and the College assumes its final form. The whole collegiate community is now concentrated under one roof. Leaving the estate in Surrey to be managed by the bailiff, Walter transfers the warden and priests to Oxford, and establishes them, together with the scholars (Fellows), in a house on his own property, adjoining the church of St. John. That house is to be their future permanent home (in eâ scholarum perpetuo moraturos esse decerno). "In this way he gradually organized the first academical corporation, which was wholly secular, and mainly designed to support poor students; and gave a model, which was extensively imitated in Oxford itself, in Cambridge, and, perhaps, in other universities." Thus the Founder of Peterhouse, the oldest College at Cambridge, expressly says that, having intended to found a religious house in connexion with Ely, he changed his mind after reading the Merton statutes, and founded instead a place for students, "qui non religiosi religiose viverent."

Before we pass on to form an estimate of the originality and true character of Walter's foundation, we must dwell for a moment upon an interesting point in the early history of the University which these statutes illustrate. The expression in the statutes of 1264 and 1270, "Oxonias vel alibi ubi studium vigere contigerit," is exchanged in the last code of 1274 for the words, "Oxonias ubi Universitas viget studentium." But this change of expression is accompanied by a provision against the contingency of a possible future removal of the University to some other place. To explain this, we must go back to the turbulent times of King John and Henry III. Now-a-days, people are apt to forget that the two proctors of the University probably represent the two "nations," the Northerners and Southerners, between whom, in those days, the University was divided. In the thirteenth century, the youth of Oxford sympathized intensely with every movement of the political world outside. The King had his party, the barons theirs, within the University. There can be little doubt that the Northerners sided with the barons and the people. Frequent riots among the students were the consequence. And such commotions (if we may trust a monkish doggerel of the time) were even regarded as a presage of public disturbances at large:—

Chronica si penses,
Cum pugnant Oxonienses,
Post paucos menses,
Volat ira per Angligenenses.

Thus it was that, just before the foundation of the College, Oxford had been the scene of the most violent commotions. The discontented barons seem to have selected it as a favourite place for their frequent meetings. There, in 1258, was held the "Mad Parliament," at which were passed those "Provisions of Oxford" which led to the Barons' War. Two years later a party of Oxford students (no doubt the Northerners) seceded to Northampton, where they were joined by a like body of secessionists from Cambridge. It was not till after the battle of Lewes that Simon de Montfort could restore them to Oxford. Again, in 1267, there were violent conflicts between the Northern and Southern factions. Various previous attempts had been made by the Northerners (generally the weaker party) to secede and found an independent University at Northampton or Stamford. With these facts before us, the above passages from the Merton Statutes acquire a peculiar historical interest. They show, in the course of a single decade, a remarkable progress towards stability. This is owing in part, no doubt, to the strong hand of Henry's successor on the throne. But we may also believe that Kilner is making no fanciful assumption when he states that the "stabilimentum Universitatis" was in no small degree promoted by the foundation of Walter of Merton.

To return. We have yet to inquire how far Walter's conception was an original idea, and what was his leading object in founding his College. To answer this, we must call to mind the state of the Universities, and of the Church, in the latter part of the thirteenth century. The old monastic orders had forfeited much of the respect of the people. New religious orders, bound to poverty and to an austere rule of life, had lately sprung up to win back allegiance to the Church. The friars of St. Dominic and St. Francis, not content with achieving a kind of religious revival, laid their hands also upon the Universities, then the centres of science and progress. The fact that all the five great schoolmen were either Dominicans or Franciscans is enough to attest their success. The religious houses had numerous establishments in Oxford and Cambridge for the benefit of their novices at the schools. These were hostels or halls (commonly called after their names), in which the students lived together under a principal or master during their residence at the University. It is in comparison with these nurseries of the religious houses that we see at once the resemblance and the essen-

tial difference and originality of Walter of Merton's foundation. He borrowed from the monastic institutions the idea of a local habitation in Oxford for a body of students, enjoying a perpetual endowment under the shelter of a corporation, and living by common rule under a common head. But his scholars were not to be monks. They were not even bound to take holy orders. Their employment was study, in things secular as well as in theology. Their academical course was not to be a single year of a novitiate. It was lifelong; first as learners, then as students. They were themselves the corporate owners of their lands, with perpetual succession by self-election.

Thus the "tendency of Walter of Merton's regulations was to create a literary, not a sacerdotal institution." His immediate object was, no doubt, to counteract the influence of the regulars, and to secure for his own order in the Church, the secular clergy, the academical benefits which the religious orders were so largely enjoying. But the mind of the statesman was present, as well as the mind of the pious bishop. With true catholicity of aim he legislates, not for his own generation, nor for a passing conjuncture, but for all time, and for the English nation. For the cornerstone of his house is the advancement of liberal learning. Truly that was the work of a great and enlightened public benefactor. And indeed the friend of "Holy Robert of Lincoln," the contemporary of "Sir Simon the Righteous," the foster-father of Roger Bacon and John Wickliffe—such a man must needs have been a liberal man. And "the liberal man deviseth liberal things."

The greatness of Walter of Merton's foundation consists in this, that while monasteries and abbeys have passed away, his College still stands. It stands, and not in the midst of ruins. It stands rather a living witness to the permanence of the living wants of men. And if, in this its six hundredth year, the oldest College has given the latest pledge, in the enlargement of its borders, to the sacred cause of University and national education, of it too we may say, in the words of our famous historian, that, like that English Commonwealth of which the venerable College is no unworthy type, the "House of the Scholars of Merton" has known how to unite "the energy of youth with the majesty of immemorial antiquity."

IRISH EDUCATION.

THE House of Lords devoted a small part of Monday evening to the consideration of those charges against the Irish Education Board which had already been honoured by an adjourned debate in the House of Commons. That the second discussion should want the charm of the former one was unavoidable, or at least this could only have been prevented by the unconstitutional expedient of making the Chief Secretary for Ireland a peer. In no other way could the House of Lords have witnessed one of those remarkable exhibitions which, if differences of opinion are any evidence of healthy intellectual action, make the Irish Government a model of rude and almost boisterous vitality. Sir Robert Peel has never been accounted a model of political consistency, nor does he seem to think it any part of his duty to make either his words or his acts a mere spiritless echo of the policy of the Cabinet; but the line he has taken on the Education question must have surprised even his colleagues. It is only to be regretted that a too rigid theory of official responsibility should have prevented him from supplementing his speech by his vote. The combination of an elaborate justification of Sir Hugh Cairns's attack on the National system with a profession of enthusiastic agreement with Mr. O'Hagan's defence of it was so remarkable, that he might just as well have taken up his natural position as one of the tellers for the Opposition. When once a Minister has stated in an official letter that the effect of certain changes in the rules put forth by the Commissioners of National Education "will be seriously to imperil the principle upon which the system was based," it seems unreasonable to insist on his voting against a resolution that these changes "are at variance with the principles of the Board of National Education." Parental feeling ought to rise superior to the claims of party organization, and Sir Robert Peel must undoubtedly have recognised his own offspring in the terms of Sir Hugh Cairns's motion. How far the whole business is creditable either to the principal actor in it or to the Minister who retains him as his Irish representative is a different question. It may perhaps be desirable to keep a striking example of forethought before the eyes of a people which has never been distinguished for that prosaic but useful virtue; and Sir Robert Peel certainly displays an amount of it which leads irresistibly to the conclusion that his regular course of Scriptural reading must lately have embraced the parable of the Unjust Steward. But a Government should pay some regard to appearances, and, even if it allows a subordinate to make to himself friends of the Opposition, it might at least insist on the process being conducted with decency and reticence. As to the success of the operation in this particular instance we do not venture an opinion. Sir Robert Peel has probably tested the feelings of the Irish Tories, and knows the kind of wooing which is best calculated to win their hearts. Otherwise we should be inclined to doubt the prudence of so openly disregarding the precaution of being off with the old love before making arrangements with a new one. Contemporaneous courtships are apt to breed contemporaneous contempt.

The case against the Commissioners amounts to this:—In

the Regulations sanctioned by them on the 20th of November, 1863, they have, for the first time, recognised the employment of paid monitors in the Convent schools connected with the Education Board; and they have also added a new rule, authorizing the appointment, "in the case of a few very large and highly efficient schools," of "young persons of great merit to act as first-class monitors," at a somewhat higher salary than that hitherto given. In the hands of Sir Hugh Cairns these seemingly innocent alterations swell to really terrifying proportions. He asserts that it is a fundamental principle of Irish National education that the teachers employed by the Commissioners shall have been educated at the Government model schools; that the appointment of paid monitors in the Convent schools is really the establishment of a system of separate training, since these monitors will afterwards get appointments as teachers, and will command, in a far higher degree than any others, the confidence of Roman Catholic patrons; and that, as such a concession, if made to one denomination, must soon be extended to all, it must necessarily result in the subversion of the National system. Unfortunately for the success of this reasoning, there is a blot on the face of it. The change objected to is not the creation of a class of paid monitors, but simply the extension of them to particular schools. This, it is admitted, is the only alteration which has been introduced, and it therefore follows that, in the absence of any further provisions, the monitors in Convent schools will be subject to exactly the same conditions as any others. Now, paid monitors have existed in the ordinary National schools ever since 1843, during all which time they have been eligible for teacherships on arriving at the proper age. It is clear, therefore, that the dreaded rivalry with the model schools must have been going on for twenty years, and that the alleged monopoly of the latter in the supply of teachers, which Sir Hugh Cairns has elevated to the rank of a fundamental principle, has either never existed or has been persistently disregarded. If we turn to the explanatory statement, drawn up by Judge Longfield, and submitted on behalf of the Commissioners to the Lord Lieutenant on the 6th of February, we shall find that this is in truth a very inadequate statement of the case for the defence. Not only has the system of paid monitors been in operation since 1843, but the Convent schools in connexion with the Board have from the very first received their full share of the benefit. It was felt that to shut them out from it would be to offer a bribe to their best pupils to desert them for other schools, and thus to subject them to undeserved and exceptional disabilities. No change has been introduced by the new rule. It simply embodies a principle to which, though always followed out in practice, it has not hitherto been thought necessary to give a formal expression. Nor has there ever been any desire to draw the supply of teachers exclusively from one source. In this respect the choice of the school patrons is perfectly unfettered, the only stipulation being that a teacher, when appointed by the managers, shall be examined by the inspector before claiming any payment from the Board. The model schools may, as a general rule, prepare their students better for this test, and so enable them to obtain a higher class, and consequently a larger salary; but they can do nothing else. They have no monopoly of teacherships, and they have, as a matter of fact, supplied only 3,331 of the 7,247 teachers now employed under the Education Board.

The creation of a higher class of monitors in certain cases, which is the only really new feature in the Regulations of November, admits of an equally simple explanation. The payment of monitors has hitherto ceased at eighteen, but although at that age they become eligible for teacherships, they rarely succeed in immediately obtaining them. There is therefore considerable danger of their finding other occupation, in which case the whole cost of their prolonged training is lost to the public. The Commissioners hope to meet this difficulty in some measure by retaining them as monitors for about two years longer, while, in order to prevent any abuse of the concession, it is expressly restricted to the combined contingency of great efficiency in the school, and great merit in the pupil. There is nothing in the rule to limit its application to any particular class of school, and if Sir Hugh Cairns is right in thinking that only those attached to Convents will derive any benefit from it, the necessary inference seems to be that these schools must be unusually efficient, and the pupils in them unusually intelligent—which can hardly be the conclusion that the speaker intended to be drawn. So far as this rule is concerned, therefore, the charge of favouritism falls to the ground. It was stated, however, in the House of Lords, by the Bishop of Down and Connor, that the practice of paying Convent schools by a capitation grant is an exception in their favour to the system pursued with all other schools. That the practice is an exception we admit; whether it can be fairly characterized as an exception in their favour will be best seen from its history. In the first instance, all the schools in connexion with the Education Board were paid in this way. As the system became more developed, and the means of testing the qualifications of the teachers more complete, the capitation grant was generally superseded by a payment proportioned to the class obtained in the examination by the teacher of the assisted school. It was obviously impossible to extend this change to the Convent schools, in which the nuns were the teachers, and in these, consequently, the old system was retained. The practical result of this unavoidable distinction is that, whereas the female teachers in the highest class of National schools now receive 18s. 11d. for each child, and those in all classes taken together 12s. 6d., the nuns, many of whom are highly educated ladies, still receive only 4s. 6d. It will, at all events, be admitted that the

Commissioners have discovered a truly Irish method of showing favour to Convent schools. Nor is there anything in the organization of these institutions which conflicts with those fundamental principles so often appealed to in the course of these debates. The basis of the National system was the application to the peculiar circumstances of Ireland of an education which should embrace the largest possible number of children without shocking the feelings or even the prejudices of the Irish people. The first condition made it necessary that the education should not be strictly denominational; the second that it should as far as possible be religious. It has been found practicable to combine these two requisites by giving free scope to denominational action in the foundation and management of schools, provided the patrons will undertake to confine their religious teaching to the children of their own persuasion. Subject to this solitary stipulation, nothing can be more flexible than the National system. Where there is no opportunity for proselytism, the precautions against it are allowed to slumber. In schools attended only by Roman Catholic children—and in the south and west of Ireland these necessarily form the majority—no restrictions are imposed. The school is for the time a denominational one. But the moment a Protestant child enters it, he finds his religious freedom secured by an array of rules which oblige the managers to allow him to absent himself from religious instruction, and to give that instruction at times which will not exclude him from the secular advantages of the school. In this manner the system aims at enlisting in its support the educational zeal alike of Roman Catholic orders, Anglican rectors, and Presbyterian ministers. The Convent schools have from the first been connected with, and worked heartily under, the Education Commissioners. They have frankly accepted the rules by which proselytism is forbidden. They give instruction to 40,000 children, and that at a cost to the State of only half what it pays in the ordinary National schools. They have done much to lessen the hostility which so many of the Roman Catholic clergy have unhappily shown towards the National system; and if they have in a measure superseded the model schools, it was not until the latter had, so far as regards united education, been proved to be for the present a conspicuous failure. It is these useful auxiliaries which Sir Hugh Cairns and the Bishop of Down and Connor would have us convert into implacable foes.

A CO-OPERATIVE LAW STORE.

SOME time before Christmas, a meeting of the Bar was held in Lincoln's Inn, to consider whether the system of reporting judicial decisions might not be amended. There were some men of eminence in the profession who from the first objected to so solemn a mode of dealing with a matter which they thought it beneath the dignity of the Bar to approach in this unusual fashion; but though the result does seem to some extent to justify this view, we adhere to the opinion which we expressed at the time, that there is no part of the practical machinery of our Courts of more importance, or which more urgently requires amendment, than the singular system of reporting which has to answer for half the obscurity and confusion of English law. The Courts of England stand alone in the world for the almost superstitious reverence which they pay to reported decisions; and while this principle continues to pervade the Bench, the authenticity and accessibility of the records of guiding precedents are essential conditions of the due administration of justice. The Reports are law, in the same sense and almost in the same degree as the Statute Book itself; but while the State has always undertaken to supply the profession and the public with authentic copies of legislative enactments, it has never, except in very early times, taken the least care to provide authentic reports of important judgments; and it remains a settled maxim, that no one is excused for ignorance of the law which neither he nor his advisers may have any sufficient means of ascertaining. The duty which the authorities have neglected has been performed in thoroughly English fashion by private enterprise, and the results have been so little satisfactory as to rouse the Bar to its recent unwonted effort at reform. The present system has only grown up by degrees, but it has now arrived at the point of almost absolute free-trade in the promulgation of what are supposed to represent the decisions of the Courts. The occasional inaccuracies and irregularities of these volunteer publications are by no means the worst of the evils with which the system is chargeable. The real grievance is the monstrous redundancy of the Reports. Not only is every case printed again and again in rival publications, at an expense which of course falls upon the consumer of these curious products, but every decision worthy of preservation as a landmark of the law is overwhelmed and buried in a mass of reports so voluminous as to baffle the keenest industry, and for the most part so worthless as to serve no conceivable purpose except to embarrass the decision of future cases. Every day it becomes more difficult to extract any legal principle from the enormous heap of *debris* from under which it has to be picked out; and if the law itself is to be preserved and amended, the first condition is to save it from being smothered by the hands of those who undertake to present it in an accessible shape. Now this is not a small subject, nor one in any way unworthy of the most energetic action of the Bar, though unluckily there is a small side to it. The redundancy of the Reports is not only an injury to the law, but it is also a tax upon the pockets of its professors, and the objections of those who stood aloof from the movement were probably based on the fear that an

agitation set on foot for the improvement of the law might degenerate into a mere pecuniary speculation for the benefit of lawyers. In spite of this apprehension, however, the December meeting persevered, and appointed a Committee to report on the best method of amending the present system.

After six months of industrious inquiry, the Committee presented themselves last week before a second meeting of the Bar, to explain what they had discovered and what they proposed to do. It would not be fair to criticize their report without taking account of the difficulties with which they had to contend. They seem to have fully recognised the fact that the great evil to be combated is the redundancy and multiplicity of existing reports, and the history of all that has been done in the matter since reporting first came into vogue was almost enough to teach them the impracticability of any solution, except that of Government intervention. Half a century ago, the multitude of reports now complained of was unknown. Each judge sanctioned a single set of reports, and, in one instance, when an interloper persisted in printing his notes of what fell from the Bench, he was worried, insulted, and almost ruined by the arbitrary judge whose wisdom he desired to promulgate. This off-hand fashion of limiting the growth of reports would not be tolerated in the present day, though it certainly did ward off the mischief which has now provoked a section of the Bar into united action. The first serious inroad upon the old arrangement of single authorised reports was made by some spirited speculators who issued a complete set of Reports of all the Courts, at a price very much below that previously charged. For many years the *Law Journal* was despised and unprosperous; but, in spite of a debt which is said at one time to have reached fifteen or twenty thousand pounds, the proprietors persevered, and at length established a circulation, chiefly among country solicitors, almost ten times as large as that which the authorised reporters commanded within the Bar. The success of this project, which ended by creating a property worth several thousands a year, was the cause of all the mischief that has ensued. One publisher after another started his new series of reports, with tempting advertisements to attract purchasers by the promise of cheapness, accuracy, and speed. The continual growth of new publications of the kind was soon stimulated by a very important discovery. The *Law Journal* had been started with a large staff of reporters, who, though individually badly paid, were in the aggregate a heavy charge on the capital of a young speculation; but the trade were not long in finding out that the Bar contained numbers of young and energetic men with nothing to do, who would be glad to report for nothing, or next to nothing, as a means of gaining experience in their profession during the early years when they were waiting for clients who would not come. Accordingly, it became the practice of publishers to start their reports on the principle of engaging a working staff whose pay was to be mainly, and sometimes wholly, prospective and contingent on the profits of the speculation. A number of reports came into existence on these easy terms, until at the present time any one who is curious to ascertain what a judge has actually said may, if he pleases, collate no fewer than six different versions. The same cause which has given us so many repetitions of each case has led to the reporting of a multitude of decisions of which a very small percentage only have any bearing on the progress of the law. Each publisher of reports vies with his rivals in giving his customers the largest possible number of cases for their money; the example is contagious, and the result is that, in place of a well-selected collection of precedents, the law is flooded with an excessive supply of cases which the Bar reasonably objects either to read or pay for. This is the inevitable result of free trade; and the same causes which have brought the evil to its present height are still in operation to aggravate it year by year, by producing newer and yet newer series of reports cheaper and more prolific than any of their predecessors. There would seem to be nothing in this at all different from the ordinary working of free competition, and it may be asked why the Bar, instead of gathering together in public meeting like a helpless flock of sheep, do not protect themselves by purchasing only the best-selected and best-executed series of reports, and leaving the rest to die out for want of encouragement. The answer to this obvious question is, that the peculiar conditions of the traffic take it out of the pale of the ordinary laws of political economy. We have already said that the labour which goes to the production of reports can be obtained for nothing by any speculator who is content to employ inexperienced, though in many cases extremely able, men. But this is only one of many exceptional features. The maxim that a good article will drive a bad one out of the market has in this case no application whatever, and so far is the demand from creating the supply, that the rule is reversed, and the supply necessitates the demand. When once a set of reports has attained any sort of footing, it is a necessity for practising barristers to make themselves familiar with its contents; and the more it offends against the rule that a choice selection of cases only should be printed, the more dangerous it becomes for the advocate to be ignorant of authorities which may at any time be cast in his teeth in the midst of an argument. Thus, instead of encouraging judicious selection, the working of free trade is to stimulate the worst evil of the modern system of reporting, and year after year publishers pride themselves on turning out reports more voluminous than have ever been seen before.

The Bar Committee seem very soon to have discovered that

there was only one possible way of checking this evil—namely, by the establishment of a practical monopoly. In terms, of course, it would be impossible in these days to prohibit the publication or even the citation of volunteer reports in favour of a series which happened to be promoted by a Committee of the Bar, and the only other way of getting rid of the multiplicity of reports was to establish one more series with such a command of the market as to starve all others out of existence. The danger of this project was that, if it failed, the new reports, instead of swallowing up all the others, would only add to the evil by flooding the profession with seven sets of reports instead of six. We should have Aaron's rod and the magicians' rods into the bargain, and the last state of the law would be worse than the first. Besides this, a monster scheme for running established rivals off the road is always a hazardous and costly venture, and the Committee were by no means prepared to ask the Bar to find the necessary funds for the experiment.

Although on profit they were bent,
They had a frugal mind.

What they proposed was, to conduct a speculation involving an outlay of from 10,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* a year through the agency of a Corporation with limited liability and no capital. This Corporation was to be composed of members elected exclusively by the Benchers of the Inns of Court and Serjeants' Inn—or, in other words, by Queen's Counsel and Serjeants, with the exception of two members who, for obvious reasons, were to be invited to represent the Solicitors, the general body of the Bar being wholly disfranchised. The Council so constituted was to engage a staff, one half of whose pay was to be contingent on the profits of the speculation, and the rest on such guarantee as it might be possible to obtain from some printer and publisher, who would kindly find the capital to work the concern without asking to share the profits. The experience of the trade-publishers from whose practice the idea was borrowed proved that it would be practicable to get the work done (well or badly) on the "pay-when-we-can" principle, in the manner proposed; but the arrangement seemed as little likely to secure the efficiency of the reports as to save the scheme from ultimate collapse. Least of all was there any probability that the new publication would establish itself alone. The bait of cheapness was offered, but not to the extent to which it had already been carried by more enterprising publishers. The prestige of a Bar meeting was relied on, and would have sufficed to ensure a certain number of subscribers; but as the Bar was divided in opinion, and the Solicitors—the largest purchasers of cheap reports—were not represented there at all, it was a tolerable certainty that the project, if tried, would for a year or two have aggravated instead of diminishing the evil, and then would have died out in the competition with publishers who knew their business better, and were not afraid to risk their own money in supporting their speculations. In the shape into which the Committee threw it, the whole affair had degenerated into a mere Co-operative Store for the supply of cheap reports to lawyers who were willing to join it. In justice to the Committee, it is only fair to say that about a third of their number declined to sign the report, and that the remainder were so far from being agreed on the subject that it was found necessary to present a sort of compromise scheme, without the reasons which were supposed to recommend it, or the evidence on which it is based.

The meeting which was summoned to the obsequies of this unpromising report was conducted with all due solemnity. It was presided over by the Attorney-General, who carefully abstained from saying a word in favour of the project. The body of the hall was filled by members of the Bar, while the Committee occupied the dais, the Queen's Counsel being seated on a table, round the legs of which clustered the Committeemen of the Outer Bar. The scheme was formally recommended by the Chairman of the Committee, who said very little except that its feasibility, about which the Committee had differed, ought to be taken for granted by the Bar; and it was seconded by a colleague who doubted the financial basis of the project, but appeared to see no harm in trying it as an experiment, which, if it failed, could not hurt a Council without money or liability, and would damage no one but the reporting staff. That a scheme so contrived and so fathered should have been postponed till after the Long Vacation—which, we take it, will be *sine die*—is about the best thing that could have happened for the credit of the Bar. The notion of vested interests in existing reporters seems to us a fallacy. Reporters are made for the Bar, not the Bar for the Reporters; and if it were not a rather delicate thing for a great monopoly like the Bar to denounce a smaller monopoly within it, we should say that lawyers have as much right to combine in a Co-operative Society for the manufacture of cheap reports as working people have to unite in Co-operative Stores for the supply of cheap grocery or bread. But it is difficult to throw a halo of glory over so utilitarian a project, and the really original idea of conducting such a speculation without raising a sixpence of capital says as little for the sagacity as for the liberality of the representatives of the Bar. If the inhabitants of Little Pedlington, suffering under bad and dear bread, were to hold a solemn meeting, with the great gentry on a table and the small gentry under it, and resolve to establish a Co-operative Bakery without a farthing of capital, their prospects of success would be small. If they then addressed the bakers of the town with a request that they would close their shops and work for the Co-operative Society at modest salaries, to be paid out of any profits which might not be muddled away by a board who

risked nothing in the concern, they would scarcely expect very cordial assistance. If, in addition to this, the society promised to arrange with their miller to guarantee half the bakers' salaries and supply flour upon credit, it would be evident enough that the miller who found the money would be the master of the concern—co-operative gentry, journeyman-bakers, and all. Now this is precisely, without any exaggeration, what the majority-report of the Bar-Committee suggested, and anything less likely to conduce to the improvement of the law or the dignity of the Bar it would be hard to conceive. What we have already referred to as the small side of the great question seems unfortunately to have got uppermost; still, even the failure of the scheme is not without its value as a proof that no feasible project can be devised for pruning the redundancy of existing reports, except the simple plan of an issue by the same authority under which the Statute Law is published. If the Bar, instead of trying to beat publishers at their own trade without running the risks which publishers run, would use their combined influence to urge the Government to perform an obvious duty, they would do more good than even if they succeeded in cutting down the price of the law books which they buy to what some cynics say is their true value—the cost of the paper which they contain.

THE HORSE SHOW.

THE Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall has occurred opportunely for the purpose of illustrating the controversy which has arisen as to the quality of the modern English race-horse. Whether the results of our system of breeding be bad or good, they could not fail to be displayed by this show, which included thoroughbred horses, as well as specimens of all those humbler classes which are supposed to be improved by the admixture, more or less copious, of exalted blood. The Hall is well fitted for the purpose to which it has been for the first time applied. There is ample space for stabling, and the oval enclosure in the centre affords considerable facility for displaying the horses' action before the judges. It is true that this facility would be far greater if the show were held in an open space like Battersea Park; but, on the other hand, there is considerable convenience to spectators in the show being held under a roof. The situation also, at Islington, is far more accessible for the most numerous classes of the population than Battersea. The proprietors of the Agricultural Hall have afforded by this show harmless amusement to a large number of people, and they have enabled owners, while professing to compete for prizes, to offer their horses, if they chose, for sale. Perhaps, also, they have promoted other and more important objects.

An exhibition of thoroughbred stallions is interesting in what may be called an historical, as well as in a breeder's, point of view. It is pleasant to behold these heroes of former years, and to recall the memory of their exploits. The first to claim attention would be Caractacus, winner of the Derby in 1862. He looked very handsome, and was exceedingly sportive, not to say troublesome, in the enclosure. His colour is bay, sprinkled in some parts with the grey hairs which have often marked the sons of Kingston. It would be difficult to find fault with his shape, unless by saying that he is a trifle too coblike; but if you want to breed a colt to win the Derby, you cannot do better than select a Derby winner for his sire. But the prizes in this class are given to thoroughbred stallions "best calculated to get horses for the Turf, the Chase, or the Park;" and although Caractacus offers unquestionable testimonials of fitness to perform the first part of this task, it is perfectly possible that there may be in the show other animals better qualified than he is to perform the second and third parts of it. However, it could not be doubted that some prize must be given to Caractacus, seeing that he was the best example which the show afforded of the highest class of English horse. It will be remembered that, after winning the Derby, Caractacus was put into training for the St. Leger, and, his legs having failed under the work he had to do, he was scratched about a fortnight before the race. It is apparent that he has broken down in both forelegs; and although this fact will not, and probably should not, influence breeders to his disfavour, it is fair to admit that such cases as this of Caractacus, who broke down after, or that of Dundee, who broke down in, the Derby, seem to go some way towards supporting the case of those who question the soundness of the modern English race-horse. It may be satisfactory to be told that here is a horse who would have been very great only he broke down; but it would be still more satisfactory to hear of actual, instead of merely potential, greatness. But, whatever inference may be drawn from the subsequent break-down of Caractacus, it is undeniable that he won the Derby in slashing style. One of his principal competitors in the show was Nubourne, who did not win the Derby, but broke down in 1860, as Dundee did next year, in running for it. Dundee himself did not appear, but the Middle Park stud was represented by Amsterdam and Horror, of whom the former looked as handsome, and the latter as plain, as at home. Another well-known horse was Newcastle, winner, among other races, of the Doncaster Cup in 1859. He was about the best-looking of the lot. A famous, or at least notorious, name was that of Old Calabar, who, after being heavily backed for the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby in 1862, went amiss about a week before the former race, and never did any good on the Turf afterwards. He was looked for with considerable curiosity, but nothing answering to his number in the catalogue could be found, and it turned out that, not being in suf-

ficiently good condition, he had not been sent. The judges did not linger long over the pretensions of The Hadji, although he ran second for the Derby, and has good looks to support his reputation. Mr. Naylor, who owns The Hadji, might, if he pleased, secure the first prize at any horse-show by sending Stockwell. After all the class had been exhibited in the enclosure, and taken back to their stalls, the judges recalled a select few among whom they considered that their ultimate choice must lie. The horses thus recalled were Caractacus and Nubourne; also a big and strong horse of Lord Stamford's called Citadel, who was talked about as a three-year-old in 1862, but cut a very poor figure whenever he appeared in public; also Neville, who is beginning to acquire considerable reputation by his stock; and, lastly, The Czar, concerning whom the most important fact was that he had been hunted for six seasons. This horse was doubtless selected for his supposed suitability for supplying the wants of the Chase and the Park, and as being almost exactly what Caractacus was not. The other selected horses were intermediate between these two extremes. Ultimately the judges awarded the first prize to Citadel, probably because they considered him to display all the desired qualities, although he was not eminent for any one of them. The second prize went to Nubourne, and the third to Caractacus. The judges also recalled for second inspection Newcastle and Amsterdam, and these two horses, as well as Neville and The Czar, were commended as "specially valuable for getting hunters, hacks, or troopers." It cannot be said that the award of the first prize to Citadel gave general satisfaction; and there was one horse, Carbineer, whose utter failure to attract the notice of the judges seems inexplicable. Carbineer's performances on the Turf have been such as to mark him out as the sort of sire that breeders want. At Ascot for the Gold Vase, in 1862, he beat Asteroid, and ran Tim Whiffler to a head. His looks last year when stripped for the Cup race at York, in which he was beaten by Macaroni, were magnificent, and it did not appear that he had fallen off since that time. It might have been supposed beforehand that Carbineer was just what the judges of this class of horse ought to commend, but the judges did not think so. Another horse of considerable apparent merit was Loup-Garou. He is old enough to have seen his own progeny in training, so that his value as a stud-horse should be something more than matter of opinion. It may be added that the value of the sire of Fairwater, one of the very best mares in training, is matter of fact. Loup-Garou is very handsome, with a deep girth, a short neck, and a fine head. Judex has the small ugly lob-ears which mark the grandson of Melbourne. Baron Rothschild's King of Diamonds was well known as a very fast horse over a mile, and he won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster in 1859—a performance which usually indicates first-class form. He is very handsome, and the only fault visible in him is that his forelegs are not well set on. The judges, of course, go by looks and not by history, but it is allowable to refer to performances by way of test of the soundness of their judgments.

It would be interesting to hear what complainants against the existing system of horse-breeding have to say upon the results visible at this show. Was there any manifest deficiency of soundness and stoutness in the classes of hacks and hunters? Was there any great and unquestionable excellence in the Arabs, Barbs, and other Oriental horses which should cause it to be believed that what is wrong in the English breed might be corrected by resorting to a breed which subsists under more natural conditions? One observation immediately occurs—namely, that if you want Eastern sires, here they are. If the English breeder thinks a cross of fresh Arab or Barb blood desirable, he can have it. There is always danger of judging the productions of one's own country with a partial eye, and therefore we do not wish to speak too positively when we say that the classes of hacks and hunters in this show appeared to leave little to be desired, and that the class of Oriental horses did not appear to promise to effect much improvement. If our race-horses are not what they were fifty years ago, it seems probable that the stamp of horse which some persons suppose to be lost has been preserved, and exists abundantly, in our hunting-fields. You may see in a single stable a dozen or twenty hunters, all thoroughbred, and all up to 16 stone. Does anybody seriously believe that horses of this stamp were bred in anything like the same quantity a century ago? And if the hunters are good, it follows that the race-horses, from which they derive their quality, cannot be bad. There is perhaps an undue tendency to value size in hunters. The first prize in the class of hunters up to 14 stone was given to Beechwood, who stands 16½ hands, and shows, as we should say, more size than quality. He is a bay horse, clear of white, with a big wise-looking head, hocks slightly capped, and legs which have done a deal of work. The taker of the second prize in this class, Overplus, showed more quality, and was big enough for anything. This horse, we believe, is not quite thoroughbred, although he looks it. His sire, Augur, won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster in 1851. In the class of 5-year-old hunters, not restricted to any weight, the first-prize horse was very pretty, but light. The second horse was good all over, long and level, and might have taken a prize as a cob. A horse called The Cid, described in the catalogue as "celebrated for getting hacks, &c.," must be a very remarkable horse indeed if, at six years old, he has managed to become celebrated in this way. We could not help thinking that the show would have been much improved by the presence of some brood mares of high character, and the season must be now far enough advanced to permit of their being

exhibited. In comparison with such a class, the classes of ponies, although many of them were pretty and had good action, would have been uninteresting.

Everybody admired the pair of black carriage-horses, brothers, exhibited by the Duchess of Beaufort, and a pair of bays near them exhibited by Mr. East. The Duchess of Beaufort also exhibited a Barb stallion, Mazagan, which ran for the Goodwood Cup last year, and was beaten so far as to be quite out of the van, although taking between 3 st. and 4 st. allowance from the English horses. This is a light narrow horse, pretty and good-tempered. In the same class was Opal, an Arab of pure Nidjed breed. We should call him a pretty pony. He had a beautiful head, a clean jaw, a silver grey coat, and a black muzzle. This may be taken, perhaps, to be, like the black palate in dogs, a sign of quality. The beauty of this class of horses depends a good deal, we should say, on the silver grey colour which is common among them, and on their long tails. But for these peculiarities they would not strike the untrained eye, and it would need a judge of horseflesh to see their points. Our opinion of the whole class was, that they could not compete with English horses, and that this was so plain on looking at them that no careful observer could help seeing it. But we say again, if good is to be got from the East, let us not reject it. If, however, it had been feared by anybody that sound useful horses were becoming scarce in England, a visit to this show ought to have had a reassuring influence.

THE NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

THE Newmarket July Meeting is not a very interesting affair, and yet it can scarcely be disregarded. There has been of late more than one meeting at which the day was not long enough for the sport, but at Newmarket this week the racing has been small in quantity, while, with the exception of the two principal two-year-old contests, it has been extremely poor in quality. However, as racing is now managed, the events next in interest to the Derby and St. Leger are the races which lead up to them. The proceedings of this week will probably be canvassed throughout next winter with the same diligence as was bestowed upon the record of Scottish Chief's performances in the corresponding races of last year. Scottish Chief was beaten by Cambuscan for the July Stakes, and he won the Chesterfield Stakes, for which Cambuscan did not run. The question of the comparative merit of these two horses was debated during many months, but, in spite of Cambuscan's victory, Scottish Chief was the greater favourite until the Derby Day came near, when Cambuscan achieved a triumph at Tattersall's, which was followed by a defeat apparently final and irrevocable at Epsom. In 1862 the favourite for the July Stakes was Blue Mantle, who, like Scottish Chief in 1863, and Liddington this year, came to Newmarket with a high reputation gained at Ascot. Blue Mantle was defeated by Saccharometer, but in this case the winner of the July Stakes was not destined to attain to any considerable subsequent distinction. A good deal of running by both horses seemed to prove that Blue Mantle was better than Saccharometer, if only he could be got to try. But, if neither of these horses was really very good, they were as much talked about for months after their meeting as if they had been. And, therefore, the experience of 1862, as well as of last year, proved that the Newmarket July Meeting could not safely be neglected by any person who desired to collect materials for forming a judgment as to the probabilities of next year's Derby.

Liddington ran twice, and won both times, at Ascot. The Duke ran at Stockbridge, and won. It happened that the same horse, Wild Boy, ran second to them both. Upon these facts it seemed fair to infer that there could not be much difference between them. The Duke had the highest possible character for his performances on his own training-ground, and Liddington's private reputation was so great that Mr. Merry's followers were insatiable in backing him for the Derby. There was hardly a pin to choose between the two as regarded what they had done in public, or what they were reported to have done at home; and if Liddington were as good as his most sanguine friends believed, and The Duke were nearly as good as Liddington, it certainly would be a treat to see them meet. Perhaps, however, both horses have been overrated, and it may be necessary to look further for the winner of the Derby. It appears to be agreed by all witnesses of the race that The Duke had the best of it throughout, and that Liddington's winning was a piece of simple luck. The Duke was left wholly to himself, and his jockey seemed to ride as if he did not know where the winning-post was. That such a prize should have been thrown away by carelessness or ignorance when all the best jockeys in England were disengaged, must be a mortifying reflection for The Duke's owner; but he may derive comfort from the unequivocal demonstrations of opinion as to the superiority of the losing horse. Although these demonstrations were pretty general, it is not to be supposed that they proceeded from the staunch adherents of Mr. Merry's stable, who would doubtless have stuck to their colours for the Derby even if Liddington had been beaten for the July Stakes, and are not likely to abandon them when he has gained a victory, however questionable. We shall, doubtless, hear a good deal of both these horses in connexion with next year's Derby, but there is plenty of time yet for two-year-olds to show themselves. A veteran of the Turf was heard saying, on the journey down to Newmarket, "The Derby takes a

deal of winning. I've been trying all my life, and never could quite hit it." The truth of the former part of this saying may possibly have to be acknowledged by the owners of The Duke and Liddington. Besides some dangerous English competitors of these horses, the French stables have hardly yet begun to show us what they can do towards winning the next Derby. The Duke of Morny's colt Lelio, who ran quite unprepared and without shoes for the July Stakes, is a splendid animal, and seldom has a two-year-old been seen that filled the eye better. There were only five starters for the July Stakes, and a finer lot has not often been brought together. Taking them by looks, the French colt would be about the best of them, but he was too fat to show what he really is. He is by West Australian, and promises to support his father's fame. He is engaged in the St. Leger of next year, but not in the Derby. It was impossible not to admire the splendid condition of Liddington, who had all that bloom which Mr. Merry's trainer knows so well how to put upon his horses. Liddington was drawn finer than at Ascot. The Duke was also in fine condition. He is rather a bigger horse than Liddington, and is also handsomer. Liddington is undeniably coarse-looking for an Orlando. There was no fault whatever in the action of either of them, and the most acute observer could not have named the winner from watching the preliminary canter.

There seemed to be a good deal of business doing quietly on the Derby. Hardly a bet was laid upon the Goodwood Cup or the St. Leger. The only new fact that has occurred in connexion with the last-named race is that Lord Glasgow has removed General Peel and two other horses from T. Dawson's care at Middleham, to Malton, where they have been placed in John Scott's stable. Thus the veteran trainer will have one more good chance of winning the St. Leger. Lord Glasgow removed his horses from Malton two years ago, in hopes probably of a change of luck, and it seems that he has now removed them back again for the same reason. It must be very disappointing, after many previous failures, to bring out so fine a horse as General Peel and just to miss the Derby with him. But it is extremely doubtful whether any difference either in training or riding would have affected the result.

The opinion that the July Stakes were thrown away for want of proper riding was so universally entertained that it can hardly have been mistaken. But after what occurred on Thursday it seems possible that The Duke's jockey was not to blame. Everybody saw that The Duke did not gallop, and it is conceivable that he could not gallop, while there can be no question that Liddington owed his victory to the gameness with which he struggled on when to all appearance his opponent only needed to try in order to win the race. The July Stakes course is rather better than 54 furlongs. The Chesterfield Stakes course is just under half a mile. The whole interest of Thursday's running lay in the second meeting of Liddington and The Duke. In order that there might be no mistake this time, Fordham rode The Duke. The odds were 5 to 4 on him, showing how strong was the belief that he could have won on Tuesday if he or his jockey had known how to win. The start was delayed some time, owing partly to the fractiousness of the favourite; but when they got away it was seen that Liddington was as much superior to The Duke in this race as The Duke had been thought to be to Liddington in the former race. The Duke did not seem to run kindly, and at any rate he never had a chance, being beaten easily by three lengths. If Mr. Merry's horse had won the July Stakes in the style in which he won the Chesterfield, it would have been undeniably a great performance, and would have entitled him to much consideration as a candidate for next year's Derby. It should be remembered that Scottish Chief won the Chesterfield Stakes last year, and he did not win the Derby; and Saccharometer won both July and Chesterfield the year before, and he did not come at all near the Derby. There is plenty more two-year-old racing yet to come, particularly at Goodwood, Doncaster, and Newmarket, and The Duke is entitled to another trial before his friends lay aside the hopes they have formed respecting him. The experience of recent years teaches us to expect that the French have got somewhere a two-year-old which may prove capable of confounding the ideas of early backers of Derby horses. However, it will take a good deal to shake public confidence in Liddington, and it must be owned that the pluck he showed on Tuesday is almost as strong a recommendation as the speed he exhibited on Thursday.

The July Meeting at Newmarket resembles those meetings of old days to which attention has lately been directed, both in the smallness and select character of the company, and in the moderate quantity of sport which is thought sufficient to occupy an afternoon. But admirers of four-mile heats between mature horses will mourn over the degeneracy of an age which considers a spin over half or three-quarters of a mile, by two-year-olds, as a great event. In connexion with this subject the supposed exploits of Childers in the last century, over the Round and Beacon Courses, have lately been reproduced, with the addition that Childers was 16 hands high. But, whatever may be the case as to his speed, is there any evidence that Childers had the height alleged? Is it not possible that inaccuracy pervades the whole story?

BRITISH INSTITUTION.—OLD MASTERS.

A CHOICE of pictures, very pleasant and interesting in its way, has been made this year by the Directors. Figure-subjects, especially those of the religious period of art, are com-

paratively rare, and, excepting Correggio, none of the first-rate names of the early time appear in the catalogue. Even the first age of portraiture is scantily represented. On the other hand, that which we might call the second—beginning with Rubens and closing with Reynolds—may be studied in a large number of works, admirable in themselves, and in some cases interesting from their subjects, the great Velasquez putting in no less than four masterpieces. Hobbins, though not with equal claims to rank in art, takes similar precedence amongst the landscapists; and his brethren of Holland and Flanders, especially Both, Ruysdael, and Vanderveelde, are seen on every wall of the two rooms devoted to that somewhat miscellaneous army which—including abilities so widely apart as the glorious poetry of Titian and the soulless mechanism of Canaletto—marches under the sonorous title of "Ancient Masters." Endless city-scenes by the last-named attest the rapidity with which that first manufacturer of tourists' memorials turned out his clever wares. And a few English landscapes are found in the British room, amongst which the force and poetry of Crome give him the place that, by his famous "Mill," Rembrandt here takes amongst the veterans.

The character of this Exhibition varies year by year, and it will be seen that the present display represents rather the taste of those whose views of art were formed thirty years ago than that of the younger generation. We are not likely to undervalue the new lights which lead us to the *quattrocentisti* or to the Venetian school at the one end, and to Turner or Mulready at the other, rather than to the landscapists or Academical painters who lie between. Yet much of what is thought by believers an enlarged and deeper view of art will itself, perhaps, seem narrow and even heretical to the next generation. At any rate, the respectable style of judgment which is reflected on the walls of the Institution has some elements neglected by the latest phase of taste; and we are much pleased to see so perfect a realization of the older idea, before Vanderveelde ceases to be quoted as the master *par excellence* of sea-effects, and the artificial pastoral of Berghem is ranked with the mannerisms of Vernet, Vanloo, or Boucher. These men, as we learn from Diderot's *Salons*—that amusing series of flies in amber—were the great artists of an age when a first-rate Cuypp, if it could find a purchaser, might sell for fifteen shillings. Our children will possibly see some of their grandfathers' most highly prized treasures appraised at sums not far from the lower figure; for so "the whirligig of Time," in art, as in politics or in poetry, "brings about his revenges."

Having thus tried to sketch the general quality of this agreeable Exhibition, we may dwell at a little greater length on the best or the most typical pieces shown. The early school of Christian or religious art is seen here in two of the latest and most tender of its professors—Luini and Correggio. But the "Baptism of Christ," assigned to the former, although by the sweetness of the expression it may vindicate its right to the honoured name of the main representative of the Milanese school, is too mannered in the disposition of the lines, and too feeble in the drawing (especially of the lower limbs) to do justice to the exquisite Luini in his maturity. The Correggio which is, we presume, exhibited as a *replica* of the central portion of the great picture at Parma, "Virgin and Child with St. Catherine" (47), has much of his peculiar grace, in which a certain affectation is so singularly blended with delightful *naïveté*. But we seem to trace the artist in his unalloyed purity more clearly in Mr. Fairholme's other picture, the "Agony in the Garden" (37). Here also we have a new design by the great master of mysterious gradation and passionate sentiment; and it is very interesting to compare this presentment of the scene (one which may naturally have commended itself to the feelings of Correggio) with that more celebrated, yet hardly more beautiful, Apsley House picture by which the artist is better known. We should like to know the significance of the figures that are here dimly seen in the background, on which, without better opportunities of examining the work, we cannot hazard a conjecture.

The career of religious art downwards is marked by the facile combination from earlier works by C. Maratti (38), the Academical elaboration of L. Caracci (86), the empty elegance of Sassoferrato (43), and the sentimentalism of Carlo Dolce (52 and 61). What may be called the picturesque style, which began with Tintoret (as in his "Flight into Egypt"), is here traceable through the "Magdalene" of Guercino (33), the "St. Rosa" of Murillo (115), the "Emmaus" of Caravaggio (79), and Salvator Rosa's "Jacob's Dream" (55). The last is one of those pictures which explain, more than most works by him, the painter's traditional rank in art:—

The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the Field of Luz,
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, *This is the gate of Heaven!*

Milton's magnificent picture in words would probably, in his idea, have required a Tintoret to paint it. Here, however, the wild landscape is in harmony with the brilliantly-sketched angel-youths, in whose figures the naturalism of Salvator is pleasingly exhibited. He has followed that tradition of early art by which Jacob's face is turned away from the vision beheld with the inner eye of the sleeper.

The list of portraits begins with a beautiful youth, of that tender but enthusiastic expression frequent in the Milanese school, and bearing the name of Leonardo da Vinci. His light hair, cut straight above the forehead, hangs in free locks below a close-

fitting velvet cap. The features (from which, as in so many of Leonardo's paintings, the warm tints have flown) are admirably modelled. Some hardness in the handling of the dress and hair brings this picture into close analogy with a profile by Leonardo in the Ambrosian Library, Milan, and even without the inscribed date, 1494, would point to the manner of the school of Verocchio. A figure of Henry VIII. shows a misshapen head, with features almost unnaturally small (an effect due partly to the want of modelling in the face), crowning an elaborately embroidered robe. If this picture could make out its title to be by the great and faithful Holbein, it would alone furnish a formidable argument against Mr. Froude. It has, however, we think, many indications of a native (and unskilful) origin. Near it, but too high for the spectator's comfort, hangs an intensely thoughtful and concentrated head by Titian—"Father Paul," the too uncompromising historian of the Council of Trent. A finely-coloured and stately Cardinal, by Guido, makes one regret that he did not oftener prefer life to mythology. This has, perhaps, rather too conscious an air of portrayal—an effect which only the strong and sublime simplicity of painters like Titian or Velasquez, or Reynolds and Gainsborough, through their pervading poetry of conception, can escape. It is not absent from the beautifully-coloured head of Lord Stratford, or from the triple portrait of his master, which here bears the name of Vandyke (77). The Stratford, with which we may mention the "Endymion Porter" (49), is, however, a splendid specimen of that earliest of Royal Academicians, as on many accounts we might name him. "Thorough" as the general air of the figure is, it is possible that the somewhat uncertain and sensitive expression of the mouth (in which, with the chin, we seem to see something still of the Puritanism of Wentworth) may be the vestige of the earlier self still clinging to the mighty apostate.

A beautifully-finished Lady by Cuypp (40), a noble group of figures returning from fowling by the same always attractive master (more warmly coloured), "A Burgomaster" (Vander Helst), and a Lady by Zoffany (128), deserve notice before we pass to the great Spaniard who makes this Exhibition memorable. Of the two so-called portraits of Philip IV. by Velasquez (for doubts have been expressed as to the correctness of both names in regard to No. 1), every one will prefer the standing figure, although the King on horseback is vigorously handled, and, before the over-darkening of the sky, must have been a gorgeous piece of colour. Philip is accompanied by his charming and lively-looking Queen, Elizabeth, in whose features we trace a healthiness of nature for want of which the blood of "Castile, Arragon, and the Indies" wasted away in shameful imbecility. Beyond her stands the ugly, yet sensible and not unamiable, Olivarez, long Prime Minister to the sullen King. These three portraits—of which it is almost superfluous to say that in easy power, fullness of life, and indescribable mastery over colour, they are what Velasquez only, of all the sons of Van Eyck, could produce—give us one complete aspect of the splendid though decaying Court of Imperial Spain, the most striking and the most loathsome spectacle of post-medieval Christendom. But the representation would be imperfect without the domestic side of the palace. This—with its little Princesses playing court with her young maids of honour, and surrounded by her dwarfs—we have in that fine repetition of the reputed master-piece of the painter, *Las Meninas*, which Mr. Bankes, completing the liberal kindness of Mr. Huth, has sent from the country. The pedigree was given by Mr. Bankes the other day in the *Times*; and, if tradition may be trusted for a hundred and fifty years, this would be the original sketch for the Madrid picture, and the actual canvas on which the symbol of knighthood was bestowed by the admiring Philip. We can, at any rate, assure ourselves that his admiration was well deserved, and may even doubt whether many of the "decorated" courtiers of his reign won the Cross of St. James by achievements half as meritorious. The Escorial picture, though on a larger scale, is hardly more finished than this, which, for an almost audacious simplicity of idea and magnificent bravura of execution, may, we think, be placed among the really great things of art.

The force and truth of tone in Velasquez are enough to overpower almost everything that comes near him; he makes great havoc in a gallery. His brother in painting, however, sustains his credit well in the peasant girls looking from a casement, the most striking piece of common life we know by Murillo. There is an arch, irresistible gaiety of impudence about these two creatures, especially the nearer girl with her hair parted awry, which makes one regret that Murillo lived in an age when he had to force his turn for nature into the field of ecclesiastical mythology; in which, whatever Ultramontane critics assert, we venture to think he was much less at his ease. As the Velasquez canvas was called *Las Meninas* in the Peninsula, so this fine work bore the title *Las Gallegas*. Spain produced comparatively little that was good or genuine in any of the fine arts; and it is pleasant that such pictures should have been each distinguished thus by a nickname, as it were, of honour.

English portraiture, a more familiar theme, need not detain us long. Romney and Lawrence are well represented after their kind; but the honours fall, as usual, to the two poet-painters of the misunderstood and underrated eighteenth century. Gainsborough is here with two of his sweetest female heads—the "Duchess of Gloucester" and "Lady Sheffield." Both show that peculiar conception of womanly grace—almost artificial, yet redeemed from artifice by its purity and delicacy—which characterizes the admirable artist. This is not the woman

To warn, to comfort, and command;

but rather something that recalls the earlier, perhaps the more attractive, ideal of Wordsworth:—

She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

The "Lady Sheffield," like several more of his portraits, is mainly painted in the "cold" or "blue" tones—a circumstance which leads us to doubt the stress laid upon the tradition of the famous "Blue Boy," one of those legends in which the *atelier* is hardly less fertile than the altar.

Three large canvases by Reynolds, beside their merit in art (the baby-girl in 177 is particularly natural and child-like), are interesting proofs of the care with which our greatest portrait painter formed himself. With a certain quaintness and want of ease in parts, we prefer the *naïveté* of the group just noticed to the rather artificial idea of that far more finished and powerful piece of art, his "Penn Family" (151). Reynolds was here influenced by the wish to Italianize. In "Mrs. Collyer" (148), he resumes his own truer nature. Whether as a piece of exquisite colour (notice the shadows on the face), or exquisite drawing, or sentiment profoundly tender and graceful, this head has few rivals in the art. Titian, with all his power, never has this all-pervasiveness of sentiment; and, as painting, it is beyond Guido's portrait of *La Cenci*. How tame and leathery, like a poor imitation of the school of Düsseldorf, is Calcott's group of "Raphael and the Fornarina"! No wonder that, as the story goes, she was the death of him. This design was one of the first of many commonplaces for the million turned out by the London Art-Union. We should like to know why these art-damaging societies are allowed an exemption from the salutary law which prohibits lotteries in general?

The general quality of the landscapes has been already briefly noticed. Beside the Hobbins, Vandevelde, Berghems, &c. before which "the mouth of the connoisseur waters," a really noble and imaginative sweep of Flemish scenery, lighted by flying sunbeams, and treated in a broad and manly style, bears the less familiar name of De Koninck (70). There is no Cuyt quite up to the greatest mark of the great master of palpable sunlight. *En revanche*, we have the interior of a church, with the congregation (*Figures*, the catalogue calls them), by De Witt (103), which makes no remote approach to the supreme daylight effects of the mighty De Hooghe. What grays and whites and sunny gleams are here! what a Venetian depth and luminosity in the curtain and dresses! what life and character (though the drawing is not always in good proportion) amongst the sober, steeple-hatted, and many-petticoated worshippers! We would venture to commend this fine picture to the student. It may be more within reach than that masterwork of Rembrandt's landscape, the world-famous "Mill" (112). It would be idle to praise or to describe this. What strikes one particularly in it is the strange look of almost actual movement—the life and pulsation—in the light of the central sky. It should be also noticed that the warmth of the sunset (if sunset it be), by a magnificent stroke of pictorial genius, has been given, not in the sky itself, but in the colour which the rays call forth from the ruddy-brown covering of the sails. This splendid picture would alone maintain the poetry of landscape in the Exhibition; but in the English room we have some views by old Crome of Norwich which come near it in this quality, and read us a lesson, at the same time, on the uncertain distribution of human fame. The artist, almost unknown to his contemporaries, was understood for the first time some forty years after his death, when his noble "Mousehold Heath," now national property, was exhibited at South Kensington. The "Coast Scene near Yarmouth" (172) gives another, and a hardly inferior, aspect of his genius. It may be usefully compared with the really grand Ruysdael, the "Storm" (101); which, we may remark in passing, obviously suggested to Turner the fancy name "Port Ruysdael," with which he complimented at least two wonderful sea-pieces. Ruysdael's is a fine piece of desolation and picturesque arrangement; yet we think it shows those qualities, at any rate, in a less masterly and less profound degree than Crome's Norfolk coast. There is a far more powerful grasp and rendering of the ocean here; the colour of the water is more vivid and varied; the grouping and forms of the vessels are finer; whilst the veil of stormy sky—though, like Ruysdael's, perhaps rather over dark in portions—is rent in the centre by a lovely passage of blue, barred with the whiteness of distant *cirri*, and leaving way for the light, which falls upon a little village nestled within the desolate cliff, and crowned above by a shadowy mill. The sea, of which we know no finer rendering by Crome, was the artist's natural element, though his equal familiarity with the rugged corpses of his native countryside is well displayed here by the "Old Oak" (147). A much less usual scene is that attempted in the "Slate Quarries" (180). Here we seem to have the impression which Crome may have received from Wales. The work has been left in a sketchy state, and the drawing of the rock-forms, with the abundance of the material, compared with the scenery of our Eastern counties, may have been some embarrassment to his hand. But here, again, he shows that power of going at once to the heart of his subject which is the peculiar gift of a great artist; and, comparatively slight as the work is, we know few more finished studies from English mountain scenery which we should prefer to this for its bold and fresh rendering of the wildness and multitudinous profusion of the eternal hills.

MIRELLA AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THERE is perhaps no greater difficulty in the path of an artist who has reached a certain point of excellence, whatever may be the particular art in which he labours, than to take an onward step with each successive work which he presents to the public. At the early stages of a career this difficulty is not felt, for all really early efforts must necessarily want much which only long experience and patient labour can give, and therefore each successive work of an artist who is worth anything must, up to a certain point, be in advance of what has gone before. A time, however, arrives when, if power and vigour are developed, the imagination is not so vivid or so fresh as it once was, and many things have already been done or said which, were they undone or unsaid, might now be done and said much better. It is our habit, too, to compare the poet, painter, or composer with himself, and to measure by how much the new work is in advance of the old, or lags behind it. This feeling of a necessity for moving a step in advance has led, and will again lead, writers and painters into extravagances which their sober judgment probably condemns, but to which they are urged by the desire of obtaining some novel and striking effect. At no period has there been more danger from this principle, healthy in itself, than at present, when public taste is decidedly bent on what will rouse and excite it, without caring much how this is done. We have been led into these remarks while considering M. Gounod's new opera, from a fear that since, as a whole, it will scarcely be considered an advance upon *Faust*—and that from reasons for which, save in consenting to work upon such a story, the composer is not responsible—the public may be inclined to pass over the undoubted merits of the music, and that M. Gounod's reputation, which parts of the work certainly advance, may unfairly suffer.

Too often have we to regret the quantity of lovely music wasted on a story either utterly stupid or unfitted for the stage, and it is most extraordinary that composers will not take warning from the countless instances in which the want of interest in the drama has weighed down the best efforts of their fancy. To a man of imagination, however, we can well imagine the story of *Mirella* to have been attractive, but parts of it are utterly beyond the domain of dramatic music, although not unsuited to orchestral illustration. The drama, founded upon a poem in the Provençal dialect by M. Miscal, is by the well-known author of half the modern French opera-books, M. Carré; and the outline of the story is simple enough—in fact, too simple to present sufficient musical situations for a five-act opera. *Mirella*, the daughter of Raimondo, a rich silk farmer in Provence, loves Vincenzo, the son of a poor basket-maker, who is naturally distasteful to the father of *Mirella*. There is a rich suitor for her in the person of Orrias, a herdsman, whom her father favours, but whom *Mirella* refuses. The father and sister of Vincenzo ask Raimondo's consent to the marriage of *Mirella* and Vincenzo, which being refused, *Mirella* vows she will give her hand to no one else, and the second act ends with the rage of Raimondo and separation of the lovers. The last three acts are arranged here in a different manner from what they were in Paris. In the third act Orrias attacks Vincenzo, and leaves him for dead in the valley of Averno, but is himself drowned in crossing a river in a supernatural ferry-boat which has the property of sinking when it bears a murderer. This latter incident is omitted here. Vincenzo's sister informs *Mirella* of the danger of her lover, and she resolves on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Three Maries, to pray for his safe recovery. The fourth act shows *Mirella* crossing the burning desert of Cro, where she sees a vision of Jerusalem. In the fifth act *Mirella* reaches the chapel of the Three Maries, and meets her lover, and in the French version she dies in his arms. In London, however, the matter is left uncertain; so that those who like things to end happily may imagine *Mirella* and Vincenzo to "live happily ever afterwards," for the heavy fathers arrive opportunely, while those who prefer the more poetical termination have their wishes gratified also.

We think M. Gounod has treated this poetical subject with a grace and feeling which should render secure his reputation among all who care for beauty of expression. The weak and uninteresting nature of the last three acts—save only the scene between the rivals—has rendered it next to impossible for M. Gounod to impart that interest to this work which distinguishes *Faust*, so that we fear it can scarcely be hoped that it will attain the same universal popularity which has attended that opera. For all, however, who care for delicate and subtle delineation of character in music, there is plenty to charm and delight them in *Mirella*. The music of the different personages of the drama is well suited to them, and M. Gounod has been most successful where it was right he should be—in the treatment of *Mirella* herself. The overture, which is short, opens with a solemn movement in which the clarinet and horns figure prominently, leading to a pastoral in six-eight time. In Paris, this overture concluded with a fine *crescendo* on a bass in semi-quavers, concluding with sixteen bars in *maestoso* time, but this has been replaced here by a *presto* movement with three bars of *adagio* as a conclusion, much more commonplace than the original form. The opening scene is in the vineyards, where the young girls are picking the grapes. This chorus is very fresh and bright. It was sung a little too loud, but with good effect; and the pert chatter of the girls, as they remark upon *Mirella* and the witch Tavena, is well expressed. *Mirella*'s opening phrase is beauti-

ful in its natural simplicity, and is prevented from becoming monotonous by the charming instrumentation which accompanies it. The act—which is also very short—terminates with a duet for Mirella and her lover, containing a phrase in twelve-eight time, with an oboe obbligato, which is lovely. The second act, the most important, and perhaps the best in the opera, takes place at a festival in the arena at Arles, and opens with a Provençal dance, called “La Farandola,” and a chorus very vigorous and taking, and quite in character with the scene. To this succeed two very quaint and original pieces—the first a ballad for two voices, in which the bars are alternately in nine-eight and six-eight time throughout. This idea is quite original, no one having, as far as we know, employed such an expedient, although Meyerbeer often introduced isolated bars in different time from the main movement, to restore the symmetry of his phrase, but he never ventured on this regular irregularity. Mozart’s use of three different times in the finale to the first act of *Don Juan* is managed in quite another manner. After this duet, admirably sung by Madlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, the original Farandola is repeated. The other piece to which we have referred is a ballad for the witch Tavena, who warns Mirella that Orrias is coming to woo her with her father’s consent, and promises her aid in case she requires it. This will be in everybody’s mouth, and it is certainly the most catching melody in the opera. It is very skilfully accompanied, a good effect being given by the bassoon. Mirella then has an air, the slow movement of which wants clearness, while the quick movement is somewhat commonplace. The tamer of bulls, Orrias, now makes his avowal of love in rough and characteristic couplets, recalling in parts the song of Mephistopheles, “Dio dell’or,” in *Faust*. There is an extremely playful natural bit of music, in which Mirella tells the bull-tamer that if he wants to win the female heart, “non dir giammai, io vo!” The finale now approaches, led off on a bold phrase by Raimondo. The passage in which Mirella swears that she will wed no one but Vincenzo is full of passion, as is also that in which Raimondo curses his daughter. Truly pathetic, too, is the appeal of Mirella to her father, “Qui mi postro,” and the close is energetic, although built upon the ordinary Verdi plan. The third act takes place in the Val d’Averno, and is prefaced by an orchestral movement which bears a striking similarity to Mendelssohn’s “presto a scherzo,” even to the key. After a chorus of not much account, there is a lovely song for the tenor, transported from the fifth act, as given in Paris. The melody of this is sweet and vague, and requires good singing to make it effective, but when it has this chance it cannot fail to delight. It bears considerable resemblance to the “Salve dimora” of *Faust*, one or two passages in the accompaniments being almost identical, but, given as it was with the utmost delicacy and taste by Signor Giuglini, it was loudly and deservedly encored. This is followed by an excellent duet between the rivals, omitted in Paris from the incompetency of the tenor. It is admirably expressive of the two characters, and is throughout beautifully accompanied; particularly were we struck with the manner in which the tenor’s phrase, “Io ti chiamo, Mirella,” &c., is supported by the orchestra. From the Val d’Averno the scene changes to Raimondo’s farmhouse, where a harvest-home is being celebrated in a chorus written at a terrible height. Children here present Mirella with bunches of corn in a very charming phrase in two-four time, but Mirella heeds them not. Her father laments his troubles in what is, without doubt, the weakest four-and-twenty bars of the opera, and then Mirella is heard singing the quaint ballad which occurs in the second act. Vincenzina, her lover’s sister, now informs her of Vincenzo’s danger, and Mirella announces her pilgrimage in one of those noble passages which M. Gounod has shown in *Faust* that he knows how to write. The whole of this duet is somewhat in the style of Meyerbeer, and recalls, without any imitation, the duet of the two women in the third act of *Le Prophète*. The fourth act has also an orchestral introduction of a pastoral character, and, on the rising of the curtain upon the burning desert, a herd-boy sings a delicious melody, which will probably divide public favour with the song of Tavena in the second act; but the vision of Mirella, and in fact the rest of the scene, is somewhat wearisome. The fifth act brings us before the Church of the Three Maries, and opens with a religious march and chorus. M. Gounod, always good in his use of religious music, is especially so here, and this part of his work may be compared with no disadvantage to the march and hymn in the third act of *Dinorah*. If M. Meyerbeer’s is more catching to the ear, M. Gounod’s is much more grave and majestic. Vincenzo, whose reappearance is perhaps not more inexplicable than is that of Dinorah in *Le Pardon*, now rejoins Mirella; her father also appears and entreats her to live; and the opera concludes with a hymn which leaves the fate of Mirella and Vincenzo in that delicious state of uncertainty we have already mentioned.

The performance of this opera was highly satisfactory. Mirella is too gentle a character to afford Madlle. Titiens much opportunity for that energy which is her great and strong characteristic. Her voice, too, seems in need of some repose, and, considering her exertions in *Fidelio* last week, this is scarcely to be wondered at. Nevertheless, the part could not have had a better representative; and in the scene in the desert, where Mirella sees the vision of Jerusalem, Madlle. Titiens’ singing was very grand and perfect. Madlle. Trebelli effectually disguised herself in the witch Tavena; her make-up was as admirable as her singing, and each was excellent. The quaint ballad we have mentioned was given by her to perfection. Madlle. Volpini has but one song to sing, that of the goatherd in the fourth act, but that one song

was sung so well that she was obliged, although the hour was late, to repeat it. Mr. Mapleson, to give more effect to this opera, secured the original representative of the small part of Vincenzina, Madlle. Reboux, who has a pleasing voice and manner, and was of great use in the concerted music. The male parts are admirably filled. Of Signor Giuglini’s singing we have spoken as we have gone along, and there is no tenor now in England who could have done the same justice to the music of the part of Vincenzo, by his exquisite vocalization and taste. The part requires no energy, only a charming voice, and therefore suits Signor Giuglini as if it had been written for him. The bull-tamer Orrias is but a small part, and consists only of a song and duet, but Mr. Santley gave both the song and duet with all the roughness and energy which the part demands. We should have been better pleased had Signor Gassier and Signor Junca changed places; the latter gentleman’s voice wants ring to give effect to some of the passages which he leads. Both of them acted with remarkable energy. Thanks to Signor Arditi, the band and chorus were admirable. The elaborate accompaniments were beautifully played, with that precision and delicacy which the conductor has succeeded in producing by his watchful care. The chorus, too, were well up in the music, so that no hitch occurred; but when quite at home in it we hope they will attain somewhat more delicacy in their singing. Mr. Mapleson has provided for this opera some beautiful scenery by Mr. Telbin, who has caught the hot tone of the south of France very happily, the idea of distance in the desert, in the fourth act, being very cleverly conveyed. Altogether we find M. Gounod’s new opera containing much delicious music, which shows an advance in the power of producing effect without resorting to startling modulations or unusual combinations; and should it not become as popular as its predecessor, it will be owing to the poor nature of the story for operatic purposes. We, however, think that the music will be liked, and will be listened to with pleasure; and our best thanks are due to Mr. Mapleson for giving us this opportunity of hearing in so complete and admirable a manner the last work of one who certainly now is the greatest living operatic composer.

We must take this opportunity of adding that we are glad to find that further acquaintance with Madlle. Wippen in no way lessens our opinion of her merits. Save Madlle. Titiens, hers is the best voice now before the public, and greater familiarity with the Italian language has given more point to her singing and acting. We should be glad to hear Madlle. Wippen in some new character; but if that is impossible this year, we trust that next season she will make known to us the resources of her *répertoire*.

REVIEWS.

KEYM’S HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS’ WAR.*

THE art of writing history with closed eyes has been rarely carried to such perfection as in the case of the Thirty Years’ War. It is difficult for any writer to start without an excusable prejudice in favour of either the Catholic or the Protestant cause, and to avoid colouring his picture accordingly. For a long time Protestant writers had decidedly the best of it. Hannibal, we are told, never marched without two Greek historiographers in his train; and, had their accounts been preserved, part at least of the world would have firmly believed in his perfection as a general and a man, long before Niebuhr so eloquently demolished the calumnies of Livy from his chair at Bonn. Gustavus Adolphus was at once equally provident and more fortunate, and his faithful Spanheim proclaimed to ready and assenting hearers the immaculate virtues of the chosen champion of the Reformed Faith. All the North of Europe, with the addition of France, having stood on the same side in the war, the accounts of nearly all the writers of these countries, which for the last two centuries have possessed almost a monopoly of historical writing, have chimed in with the note once sounded so cunningly. It is only of late that, with the resumed pretensions of the House of Austria to the crown of the Holy Roman Empire, representations have revived of her past services adapted to sustain her present claims. All the glories of Germany, it is argued, belong to the period when she formed a united empire under the Hapsburgs; and the Thirty Years’ War was merely a vast conspiracy of the enemies of the latter, under the cloak of religion, to ruin both together.

This proposition, the general bearings of which affect of course very closely the rivalry of Austria and Prussia for the crowned hegemony of Germany at the present day, not long ago gave rise to a very entertaining war of words between two historians, champions on either side—Professor Ficker of Innsbruck, and the distinguished Professor von Sybel of Bonn. The gist of the whole matter probably lies in the fact that, though Austria for a long time stood at the head of a nominally united empire, her own efforts were consistently directed to the advancement, not of the German, but of the Austrian domestic empire (*Hausmacht*). Happy Austria wedded and warred for herself alone, and has little right to claim the gratitude of the whole nation for services rendered, at the most, incidentally. But, in its special deduction from the Thirty Years’ War, this grand discovery has been insisted upon by more than one other prophet, looking backwards. The late M. Gfrörer, whose valuable *Life of Gustavus Adolphus* is intended to unmask his designs, and those of his aiders and abettors; M. Barthold, who

* *Geschichte des Dreissigjährigen Krieges*. Nach den Resultaten der neueren Forschungen dargestellt von Franz Keym. 2 Bde. Freiburg: 1863-4.

performs the same service for that very dubious hero, Bernhard of Weimar; and the hardy M. Onno Klopp, whose panegyric of the misjudged Tilly we noticed some time since, belong to this class. They are all historians of more or less pretensions to the name; and their works, one and all, deserve calm consideration and careful criticism. But, in accordance with a well-known fact in natural history, these learned flatterers of the august House of Austria have other parasites who flatter them in their turn by swallowing their opinions wholesale. To reproduce Gfrörer and Klopp for the benefit of the "general public" is the object of the author of one of the most ill-digested "popular" histories which it has ever been our ill luck to fall in with. M. Franz Keym announces his *History of the Thirty Years' War* as based on the "results of modern inquiries"; in other words, it is a repetition of the lessons of his masters, to whose words he has sworn with uncompromising belief. These volumes are evidently intended to carry into a wide-spread circle the more esoteric writings of the professedly pro-German and actually pro-Austrian historians; and, acting on Mr. Matthew Arnold's recipe for books suitable for the edification of the many, M. Keym has provided "unction" from a huge cruet perennially flowing with slightly rancid oil. In his preface he mentions with pious reverence Karl Adolf Menzel's German History; and it is, indeed, to the stand-point of this "truly German mind," as a deeply-read Professor of Modern History has lately christened Goethe's insolent detractor and Heine's unhappy butt, that that of M. Keym bears the greatest resemblance.

The significance of the Thirty Years' War, he artfully declares, is purely a political one. All views with reference to it must be neither Protestant nor Catholic, but national or anti-national. The simple question, he continues, is as to the attempts of one or the other party to destroy or maintain the venerable and ancient German Empire; and only in so far as the destroyers chiefly came from the Protestant ranks is a Protestant view of matters to be spoken of, and *vice versa* with regard to the Catholic princes. All this would, of course, be well enough were it not, unfortunately, a well-established historical fact that the venerable and ancient Empire in question was utterly rotten long before its nominal pillars, the Princes, withdrew their support from it—rotten under the rule of the well-meaning but useless Maximilian, and doubly rotten under the no-rule of the star-gazing Rudolph. When it fell into the hands of Ferdinand II., "the son of the Jesuits," the Princes of the Empire had less reason than ever to draw the sword in the cause of the thankless Hapsburgs. It was not so much the insolent Edict of Restitution—for insolent it must be called, when it is remembered that it was issued by an Emperor virtually without an army—as the way in which and the purposes for which it was to be carried out, which might well warn the Princes of the pleasant domestic system of government which Austria then, as ever, desired to carry out. To whom was Bremen, vacant by the annulment of the Duke of Holstein's election, to fall but to the Austrian Archduke Leopold William? And how was it endeavoured to retain in his allegiance towards the Imperial Crown the Elector of Saxony, the most important and one of the best-disposed of its vassals, but by expelling from the cathedral throne of Magdeburg his son, elected by the chapter, and substituting in his place a successor from the same inexhaustible supply of Austrian Archdukes? We are by no means willing to grant that the Thirty Years' War was nothing but a political conspiracy against the Imperial House; but even if it was such, it was not only provoked but justified by the open and barefaced policy of the Hapsburgs, who combined the interests of their house with those of their faith at least as eagerly as Gustavus Adolphus and Bernhard of Weimar. Similarly, it might be shown that Maximilian of Bavaria, the head of the League, who haggled even with Austria for the price of Tilly's valour and his soldiers' blood, had two war-cries—one open, *Jesús María*, and one less distinctly uttered, *Wittelsbach*.

The character of the Swedish King, as drawn by M. Keym, is of course simply a caricature. He thinks that even M. Gfrörer "often fails to enter deeply enough into the tendencies of the hero of his work, and, moreover, allows himself at times to be dazzled by the halo which has ever surrounded the head of the King." In other words, M. Gfrörer, while fully recognising the mixed nature of the motives which prompted Gustavus to an enterprise the brilliancy of which has rarely been surpassed in the annals of war, refuses to shut his eyes to this brilliancy, or to set down the ambitious monarch as a shallow and grasping impostor. We have no sympathy with those ardent admirers of success who deem that it hallows those whom it favours, and who believe that because the sword of Gustavus was victorious it was the sword of the Lord, and that because his strategy was all but irresistible it was, in Mr. Kingsley's exquisite phrase, the strategy of Providence. But we are in a far higher degree impatient of those who think that to cry "Hypocrite" is to interpret a great character, and who cannot see how a great king and general may fancy he is fighting the battles of a higher cause in fighting his own, and may derive from this faith that species of inspiration which distinguishes the great from the merely successful. With regard to the mare's-nest which M. Klopp discovered of Gustavus having been the real destroyer of Magdeburg, and which derives little additional credibility from M. Keym's ravings on the subject, we have on a previous occasion expressed our opinion. We would therefore rather direct attention to M. Keym's account of the considerations which determined Gustavus to undertake the invasion of Germany, which will serve as a specimen of his comprehensive and generous method of historical reasoning.

The King's ambassador had been refused admittance at the Lübeck Congress; and this afforded the long-desired handle for complaint. "The Swede" wished, at any price, for a reason for advancing against the German Empire. Through the mediation of the French envoy, he succeeded in concluding peace with Poland, where he found time lie heavy on his hands. The majority of his generals, convoked to give their opinion on an invasion of Germany, opposed the notion; and the King "bit his tongue" at their argumentations, and thought he had found one reason more for never in future asking any one else's advice.

Besides, all this was after all a mere formality. War against the German Empire had been determined upon by the Swede ten years ago; but the King would have gladly had his generals share the opinion of their sovereign. When the Swedish Senate reminded the King that it was against God and conscience to attempt the overthrow of a monarchy (the German), Gustavus Adolphus answered, that that was no good reason, for monarchy went from one family to another. [Very true in the King's sense; for we may remember that the Swedish Crown did not belong to him, but had been usurped by his father by rude force; the legitimate King of Sweden ruled in Poland.] Then one of the Senators said, *Si rex erit victor, non se adjungent Germani, sin victus, se subtrahent*. Whereupon Gustavus Adolphus utters the significant speech: *Si rex erit victor, illi præda erunt*. We insist on this expression of the King's, for it characterizes the whole undertaking. Is there to be found in it that the King wished to march into Germany to help the oppressed estates of the realm and to assure the future of the threatened Protestant religion? Or is its meaning not rather this, that the King thought of nothing but conquests in the German Empire? There was nothing more to be got in the North. Of this the Swede was aware; and therefore the word was "To Germany." This is the stand-point to which we must hold fast under all circumstances, if we are to judge the subsequent events according to their fundamental principles.

We have from the mouth of the envoy himself, John Lehouz, who was contumeliously refused permission to deliver his letters at Lübeck, a circumstantial account of the transaction (in the *Ephemerides* of Ogier) of which there is not the faintest reason to doubt the genuineness. He there says that the insult offered to him was no mean incentive to the offended King to invade Germany, in addition to the many other reasons which he had for the undertaking. It is not true, as the Catholic historians suppose, that Gustavus voluntarily exposed his messenger to insult; for Lehouz observes that he could with ease have provoked a tumult among the Lutheran mob of Lübeck, and pulled down the house over the ears of the assembled Conference. It was the arrogant folly of the Imperial Commissioners that provoked Gustavus to carry out his design, which no doubt resulted from a mixture of motives, among which it would be idle to deny that religious zeal had a prominent place. Gustavus, as a great man, was conscious of his inborn power, and the possibility of the repetition of such transactions as the persecution of the Bohemian Protestants called aloud for the interference in German affairs of any Protestant prince who had the power and the will. The only objection to the interference of King James of England was its utter feebleness. King Christian of Denmark had tried his hand, and failed. There remained the King of Sweden, not constitutionally connected with the Empire, like his neighbour, but united by private ties to some of its princes, and by religion to many of its peoples, as the next and most natural champion of an all but lost cause. That he, at the same time, intended from the first to secure for himself a solid reward for his own labours and those of his soldiers, is undoubtedly true, and deprives him of the character of a wholly unselfish and disinterested champion. But such characters are rare in history, rarer among princes, and entirely absent from the splendid roll of the great men of the seventeenth century. In short, Gustavus was more of a Cromwell than of a Garibaldi; but to ignore the existence of a religious motive in his career is as feeble and shortsighted as to refuse to recognise the love of domestic aggrandisement in that of Ferdinand II. At the same time, if there are remaining any who continue to regard Gustavus Adolphus with the worshipping eyes of his English biographer Harte, or who, like a late illustrious English divine, think he deserves a place at once among God's heroes and the world's, we recommend to them M. Keym's diatribes for the wholesome purpose of a stringent antidote. Protestant prejudice is so rampant among our own popular historians, that it is not a little refreshing to ascertain the existence of its correlative in one who aspires to a similar fame in the credulous South of Germany.

We have one word to add on M. Keym's style. It would be offensive even in the pulpit, and is simply intolerable in print. He exposes the policy of Richelieu in the language which orthodox preachers use in exposing the fallacies of the imaginary and necessarily mute infidel. He is continually summing up the arguments of his characters by "Thus the Swede" (*Also der Schwede*), or his accounts of events by "Thus it befel" (*Also geschah es*). The following is his account of the resolution taken by a character hitherto, like Tilly, too cruelly prejudged by the world:—

Buttler took the resolution of avenging the Duke of Friedland's treachery towards the Emperor on his way to Eger. He took it, not having been in the least degree incited thereto from without. He took it, while he gave an account to himself of how high a service he would thereby render to religion, the Emperor, the Empire, if he delivered over the Duke of Friedland, before he went over to the Swedes, with his satellites, as prisoners into the hands of the Imperial Court.

M. Keym omits to state when it was that this exemplary servant, who cheerfully consented to cover his own hands with blood in order to keep those of his more fastidious Sovereign clean, changed his plan from that of a capture to that of a murder. Schiller thought it necessary to invent an excuse for Buttler. M. Keym, in his zeal for "religion, the Emperor, the Empire," fails to see the necessity

of any such. He also forgets to mention that the preliminary disinterestedness of this scoundrel—whose deeds are fully set forth in the pages of his chaplain and countryman, Thomas Carve, "Tipperariensis"—was at all events rewarded by a shake of the Imperial hand, a gold chain of honour hung round his neck by the Archbishop of Vienna, the titles of Count and Chamberlain, and a great part of the confiscated estates of Terzky, who had shared Wallenstein's fate. Some of these *ex post facto* incitements descended after Buttler's death, together with his amiable widow, to his fellow-assassin Walter Devereux or Devoreux—according to the felicitous mis-spelling of contemporary documents.

The following are the concluding sentences of these volumes, which contain at the same time the author's historical regrets and his political hopes, and which show clearly what cause books of this kind are intended to serve:—

We bid farewell to these Thirty Years with the sad assurance that there has been a time when there was a German Empire, which the Peace of Westphalia pulled to pieces; that once a German imperial throne stood brilliant and commanding in the reverence of nations, which, since this peace, the hucksters offer for sale to the highest bidder. But we also live in certain hope that the hour is no longer distant when all will be made well again of which our ancestors were guilty in those heavy times; we live in hope that the reform movements of the last few years will not uselessly evaporate; that the unity of our nation will again form itself into a full reality, the German people by action also become once more conscious how it speaks only one language, owns only one home, has only one thought in its heart—to be One. We live in hope that the German Empire will soon remain no longer merely a pious wish of all good patriots, but awake strong and true, pure and vigorously shapen, to an active life. Wherunto may God send his blessing.

"Thus M. Keym." When that day arrives, and the much-calumniated House of Austria has its own again, may the least of its servants not go without his appropriate reward!

BOOK-MAKING BIOGRAPHY.*

IF Tacitus had lived in our times, he would not have begun a biography with a lamentation over an *atlas incuriosa suorum*. No one of note or notoriety can die now-a-days without everybody knowing all about him in the following morning's *Times*; the book-makers are busy about his "remains" at once; and within a month or two the dead man's Life is the property of the most liberal publisher. Now and then, as in a well-known instance, the biographer takes a practical way of intimating that his subject is living a little too long; and the victim can only deliver himself from vivisection with the help of a Court of Equity. Occasionally, on the other hand, a man who knows that he has a Life and *Times* belonging to him exhibits a not unnatural curiosity to see what it will be like, and puts himself to death on paper in order to enjoy the amusement. Lord Brougham in this way became acquainted with his posthumous self about a generation ago; and if Archbishop Whately could have anticipated the fun of reading Mr. Fitzpatrick's account of him, we are pretty clear that he would have hit upon some innocent mode of self-slaughter years ago. And Whately's comments upon Mr. Fitzpatrick would have been lively enough reading. We cannot say so much for those of Mr. Fitzpatrick upon Whately.

This gentleman tells us, on his title-page, that he is the author of *Lady Morgan, her Career, Literary and Personal, the Life, Times, and Contemporaries of Lord Cloncurry, &c.*—i.e. is biographer-general of anything and anybody Irish. He happens also to live at Stillorgan, where Whately had a country-house; and very probably heard as much as other people of the ordinary gossip of Dublin about an Archbishop whom it admired a little, stared at a good deal, and understood not at all. He appears to have been present at a Lord Mayor's dinner once, when Whately made a speech, but we are not clear that his personal knowledge of him reached any closer degree of intimacy; and it is almost needless to say that there is no sign that he received either encouragement or co-operation in the work from any member of the Archbishop's family. In truth, Mr. Fitzpatrick appears to consider this sort of position to be rather an advantage than otherwise. In a brief preface, after quoting a letter from *Notes and Queries* requesting "illustrations of the inexhaustible fund of wit and humour which was perpetually flowing from the late Archbishop," and saying that "the following pages furnish," he hopes, "a satisfactory answer to the request," he adds:—

Although I cannot say that I was at the Archbishop's elbow through life, as Boswell was at Johnson's, yet some able men who possessed that advantage, but whose names I am not at liberty to disclose, have supplied the deficiency by placing at my disposal much valuable memoranda and notes. And perhaps it is better, after all, that Richard Whately, like other eminent men, should not be viewed too closely. It is often as well to view a mountain from a distance. Attempt to scale its summit, and you may be tripped by ugly stones, cut by sharp rocks, or stung by the briars with which it occasionally bristles.

We have often met with the professional book-maker in practice, but we never before had the advantage of understanding his theory. We confess we do not admire it. Railway Committees, for obvious reasons, are selected from members of Parliament who are unconnected with the district proposed to be invaded—not unfrequently with the results that have been lately set forth rather graphically in the *Cornhill Magazine*; but we quite fail to understand the special qualification for writing a man's life that arises from the writer's knowing nothing about him that anybody else does not know, or may not easily find out. We get a notion,

also, that, in the present instance, the "finding-out" process has involved some rather curious sorts of industry. We observe something like a scale in the author's treatment of the Archbishop's familiars. Some come off excellently; others meet with but middling eulogy; while the Archbishop's family may read the author's opinion of them in an unsavoury description of the scene exhibited at the sale of the Palace furniture, and a spiteful note about his carriage being "sold for 11*l.*, and his dog for as many pence!" There is something in this levying a kind of literary black-mail upon a dead man's relations which possibly this author does not understand, and which we need not explain to any one who does. Who the "able men" may be to whom Mr. Fitzpatrick is indebted for memoranda and notes, we do not care to inquire, so considerably do we differ from him as to the value of their contributions. There is next to nothing, so far as we remember, throughout the volumes, of which—with no special facilities for acquiring information on the subject—we were not aware before. Plentiful use has been made of the obituaries that appeared in the newspapers last October, our own being especially favoured in this respect. Everybody is said to be economical about something, and the subject of this gentleman's parsimony appears to be inverted commas. The list of persons present at the funeral is as complete as the reporter of a Dublin newspaper could make it, and a few particulars occur here and there which give one the impression that among the "able men" a somewhat conspicuous place is due to the Archbishop's *Jeames*. The penny post also has been a valuable auxiliary. A note from the present Lord Grey appears, which is evidently an answer to Mr. Fitzpatrick's rather queer inquiry why his father appointed Whately to Dublin; and another question on the same subject, addressed to Lord Brougham, has surprised the most genial of correspondents into a frigid "Lord Brougham presents his compliments to Mr. Fitzpatrick," &c. The author, however, has somehow got possession of the late Lord Grey's letter to Whately, offering him the appointment; and, as it is marked "private," it is of course printed in full. We should add to these recondite "materials," that the volumes are rather largely made up of extracts, for pages together on a stretch, from the Archbishop's published writings.

Of Mr. Fitzpatrick's style, the first sentences of the book are a sufficient specimen. Here they are:—

When England and France were fighting, and George IV. lay in his cradle, there lived at Nonsuch Park, Surrey [here a long note, of course, from Lyson's *Environ of London*]—a place not less remarkable for the natural beauty of its situation than for proud historic associations—a young cleric, named Joseph Whately. One day Jane Plumer—wooded and won—came home his bride. . . . Richard was the youngest of eight children, most of whom died "unsung," though neither "unwept nor unhonoured." . . . The family connexions were respectable and influential. . . .

In short, George Robins could hardly have done it better if he had been putting the family up to auction, Nonsuch Park and all. When the exhibitor of this odd penny peep-show gets his man to Oxford, he is scarcely so prosperous. Here, also, he has worked the post-office assiduously, and duly touted for "able men." He has got a letter from "an old Oriel man who knows what he writes about"; and another, from "an old and gifted Oriel man" (about Dr. Pusey, by the way, not about Whately). And he has some extraordinary information, for which nobody in particular stands god-father, that enumerates among Whately's Oxford contemporaries, Bishop Phillpotts, who left Oxford before Whately had left school; Bishop Tait, who came thither about the time that Whately was made Archbishop; and Bishop Thirlwall, who was never there at all. The rest is supplied from the biographer's own resources, and very funny it is. Take a specimen or two:—

At the age of eighteen he was placed at Oriel College, Oxford—the then (1804) great school of speculative philosophy—where his originality at once attracted attention. But he did not rise like a rocket. His undergraduate course is said to have been quiet, and it does not appear that he obtained the much-coveted honour of a double first. He however obtained a double second in the same year that Sir Robert Peel, Bishop Gilbert, and Dean Conybeare were firsts. John Keble, famed in later life as the author of the *Christian Year*, was in the same class with Whately [which somehow is intended to tell the world that Whately got a double second one year, and Keble a double first a year or two after].

In the Scholar's race Whately more than once tripped; [we suspect that this is again some allusion to the double second, a portentous calamity which Mr. Fitzpatrick cannot at all get over] but he at last made good his footing and turned the corner cleverly. In 1808 he graduated [a very different thing, clearly, from taking a double second]—and in 1860, having produced a valuable English Essay, won the twenty-guinea prize [a distinction entirely unknown to the *Oxford Calendar*].

The choice of a profession was now the question. It is impossible to doubt, from the deep thought evinced in his able lecture "On the Influence of the Professions on the Character," that the adoption of the Clerical was other than the result of mature consideration. We do not think that Whately was likely to have been unduly dazzled by the many brilliant minds which flung their light around him, and had already fired the ambition of numbers who soared merely to fall—

all which, if it means anything, means that Whately "adopted the clerical" without consideration; that the becoming a clergyman is something for people to "soar" at; and that a good many of his friends got plucked for their ordination.

After this, we are not much surprised to hear that "his master at Oriel was Edward Copleston," who "at last succeeded in engrafting on Richard Whately" what we should have considered to be the use of his natural faculties; and that, "in 1811, the highest honours which it was possible to confer, unless the Provost's chair of Oriel, reached Whately in the shape of a Fellowship, and in 1812 he became a Bachelor of Divinity"—which strikes Mr. Fitzpatrick in the light of a stupendous academical climax. Among the little trifles that Mr. Fitzpatrick has

* *Memoirs of Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, with a Glance at his Contemporaries and Times.* By William John Fitzpatrick, J.P. London: Richard Bentley. 1864.

picked up at Oxford, we learn that the "Bampton Lecturer" and a "Select Preacher" are much the same thing; that the plural of *tympanum* is *tympani*; that St. Alban's Hall has a "dome"; that *Konz Ompax* (the *nom de plume* of "Historic Doubts") is "a name from the old Kabala"; and that the "Historic Doubts" themselves were written by way of "sharply ridiculing the scepticism of the Oxford Divines"—David Hume and others, no doubt. And all this is gravely set before us as the Memoirs of Whately of Oriel. Mr. Fitzpatrick, we fear, has yet to learn that even people who look for nothing beyond fun in a biography scarcely expect to find it only in laughing at the biographer.

Possibly we ought to be thankful, after all. Mr. Fitzpatrick is (we apprehend) a Roman Catholic; and one of his correspondents suggests to him that "the hatchet and the tomahawk are the only weapons of dissection which he could properly use" in making mince-meat of a heretic Archbishop. Who knows? He might possibly have contrived to make Whately absurd, if he had tried, instead of confining his good offices in that particular to himself. We may be content that the thing is as it is; and so also, if he wishes for fame, and is not particular about the sort, may Mr. Fitzpatrick. He has achieved what we had thought an impossibility, and made a life of Whately dull. The Dublin part of the story does not, of course, abound in the same sort of blunders as the Oxford. Mr. Fitzpatrick's familiarity with the place, its people, and its small-talk, enables him to give something like a sketch of Whately's doings as Archbishop, as they appeared to the outside public. We are told how he used to stand with his back to the fire at Privy Council meetings, how he flung his feet over the side of a chair at the Education Board, how he offended a great functionary there by addressing him as "— Macdonnell, Esq.," and how he got savage with the Lord Lieutenant when Dr. Cullen rebelled against the use of his school-books, and his Excellency could not see matters exactly as he did himself. All the clerical or sub-clerical gossip of the place, in short, is retailed at length. One gets a sort of chronicle of Whately the Archbishop, so far as external sources of easy access can supply it; but of Whately the man, the life is yet to be written.

Perhaps we ought not to dismiss an "anecdotal life" without a specimen of its anecdotes. Those that belong to the Archbishop himself are very often feeble, and very seldom new; some of them we almost fancy to be of even venerable antiquity in clerical circles, though possibly new to Mr. Fitzpatrick. The best things in the book are an answer of Whately's when a lady appeared one day at Court with rather less than the average amount of dress (or its apology), and some one asked, "Did you ever see anything so unblushing?" "Never since I was weaned." We have a semi-satirical sentence, again, out of his evidence before the Tithe Committee about the usefulness of a married clergy—"The wives were in many cases as useful as the clergy themselves;" and we have another on the average popular sermon, "in which the preacher aims at nothing, and—hits it." The writers of biographies occasionally do the same.

THE DOLOMITE MOUNTAINS.*

ALPINE literature has of late been rather dull work for ordinary readers. We have heard almost as much as we wish to hear about Peaks and Passes; yet, in the present state of things, it requires a good deal of moral courage to confess that even valleys are not wholly contemptible, and that it is possible to find both beauty and grandeur at a lower elevation than 10,000 feet above the sea. The practical spirit of business-like organization, which sooner or later tends to reduce every sport to a regular profession, has now invaded what surely ought to be the most unsystematic and independent of all possible amusements. For the most part, men now start for the Alps, not to ramble at their ease wherever their fancy leads them, not to choose the spots of richest beauty, but to scramble, without looking right or left, over a succession of dreary "cols" in half an hour less than the shortest time in which the feat was performed last year. The natural result is that professional mountaineers in Switzerland are now almost as numerous as cricket professionals at home. It is true they do not get paid for their labours, but in all other respects they fully come up to the professional type. One interest in life alone seems left to them; their very thoughts are frozen, and unable to descend below the snow line; while the dull "shoppiess" of their conversation accurately reflects the monotony of their ideas. For such people the Alpine Club is an invaluable safety-valve. If there must be bores in the world, it is at any rate expedient that they should be concentrated within the smallest possible space, and expend their powers upon one another rather than upon society in general. It would doubtless be far from the truth to put forward this description as adequately representing even the majority of enthusiastic climbers who flourish and abound among us. But the type is far too common; and, unfortunately, it seems likely to develop its peculiarities more strongly under the shelter of an organization which, in the general absence of any really satisfactory aim, strikes the unprejudiced mind as the offshoot of a mistaken theory, as regards both the proper sphere of union and association, and, still more emphatically, the best method of securing fresh and lasting enjoyment in a mountainous country.

In opposition to any such theory, the example of Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill is worth volumes of precept. Their charming book

on the *Dolomite Mountains* is the record of a successfully realized ideal of travel, which most of us must regard from afar off with mingled feelings of envy and admiration. Indeed it is not easy to do justice to the varied elements of excellence which are all found in harmonious combination, contributing their proper share to the completeness of the volume. Considered simply as a guide-book, it will be invaluable to any traveller who wishes to penetrate South Tyrol, Carinthia, and Carniola, even as far as the mighty Terlgau. Apart, however, from any question of practical value, the *Dolomite Mountains* will commend itself to every class of readers. Those who only want amusement for a few evenings cannot fail to be carried away by the natural interest of the subject, and will admire the simple, easy flow of a narrative never deficient in spirit, and always rising to picturesqueness and vigour in the description of any remarkable aspect of nature. The botanist will sympathize enthusiastically with the long chase after the coy and solitary Wulfenia; and, above all, the geologist will feel himself upon holy ground, and rejoice in the consideration of one of the deepest problems of his science.

Much of this success is unquestionably due to the fortunate chance which guided our authors to one of the most beautiful and least-known districts in Southern Europe. To most readers the word "Dolomite" is probably unmeaning, or, at best, only recalls to memory the unfortunate blunder which threatens the existence of the Houses of Parliament; and this ignorance is the more surprising since hundreds of English tourists every year pass, at Botzen, within a few miles of the stronghold of the Dolomite country. For the present, it may be sufficient to say that Dolomite is the result of a peculiar combination of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia, appearing in many parts of Europe, but seen most prominently and most continuously, in forms of wild fantastic beauty, within a limited area on the frontiers of South Tyrol and Italy. A fairly good idea of the position of this district may be obtained by considering it to lie within a "quadrilateral" formed by Brixen, Trient, Belluno, and Lienz; and a glance at the map will show how it is enclosed on the north, east, and west by three great roads, two of which allow only scanty glimpses of the beauty hidden in the lateral valleys; while the third, the great "Strada Allemagna," the military link between Austria and Venetia, runs up from Belluno to Cadore and Cortina, through the heart of the Dolomites. It is by this road that most travellers make a hasty rush through the country—journeying up from the soft and luxuriant beauty of the valley of the Piave past the birth-place of Titian, between the virgin obelisk of the Antelao and the mighty cone of the Sasso di Pelmo; then leaving sunshine and beauty, and plunging into gorges closed in by rocks whose savage grandeur forms a striking contrast to the surpassing brilliancy of the emerald green valleys; and finally entering the broad Pusterthal between Niederndorf and Imnichen.

Tempted by the air of mystery which seemed to hang over the whole district, and (*mirabile dictu*) accompanied by their wives, who seem perfect adepts in the very necessary art of "roughing it," Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill boldly struck off this beaten path, and, after a preliminary glimpse in 1856, have, during the last three years, thoroughly mastered the secrets of the Dolomite country. Starting from the west, and leaving the Brenner road a few miles north of Botzen, they penetrated a little cleft which barely finds room for itself beneath an extraordinary precipice running sheer down from the solitary peaks of the Hohe Schlern; and they found ample compensation for the discomforts and six-inch spiders of the little inn at Ratzen in the view from the neighbouring Seisser Alp. Here the whole mountain knot which lies between the head of the Val Fassa and the Gröden Thal comes in sight, containing some of the finest specimens of the ever-varying forms and marvellous colouring of Dolomite scenery:—

The Schlern to the south-west forms the mighty buttress of the whole; the Ross Zähne, red teeth—well named both from form and colour—follow, stretching eastward. Then come the gigantic masses of the Plattkogel and Langkofel; the first sliced off, as by the malice of a Titan, at a single blow; the second an array of splintered spires, ashy tinted, or pale yellow.

Besides this foreground, a glimpse on the N.E. horizon of the distant Noric chain, bright and distinct with all its delicate snows, and on the N.W. the groups of the Oertler and the Adamello form a general view of almost indescribable beauty. Campitello, still due east of Botzen, is perhaps more distinctively Dolomite in its scenery than any other spot in the Carnic Alps, and the neighbouring Duron Thal affords the finest view of the giant Marmolata, which here reigns undisputed monarch of the mountains, while the extraordinary overhanging crags on the north of the village are probably unequalled:—

Their really vast proportions are concealed by an intervening hill, but nothing can be more singular than their appearance; and in certain lights, such as sunset or moonlight, they look positively unearthly. They nod to each other like monstrous images set in a row, some more massive, some slender and spiry, or cleft so as to suggest that resemblance to sword-blades which "Murray" mentions. One looks at the strange array as if they were fetish, and can hardly suppose but that in Pagan times they were so regarded—perhaps are still—in a valley so remote, where ancient superstitions may lurk unsuspected.

After all this, it is too bad to have to contemplate the dismal bathos of arriving at an inn where "the door opened upon an ill-favoured company, shouting, smoking, drinking, and gambling, and a sulky-looking landlord sauntered out, pipe in mouth, to know what we wanted—waiting to be told rather than condescending to ask." Campitello is the Omphalos of the whole district. Barring the Ampezzo Thal, almost all the main arteries of the Dolomite system converge close upon it. Within a few miles to the North, the Gröden and Gader valleys almost meet at right

* *The Dolomite Mountains. Excursions through Tyrol, Carinthia, Carniola, and Friuli*, in 1861, 1862, and 1863. By Josiah Gilbert, and G. C. Churchill, F.G.S. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

angles; directly south begins the long course of the Val Faasa, which, long and somewhat dull in itself, is rescued from insipidity by the unequalled beauty of the Rosengarten Gebirge near Vigo. To the east, the grand Fedaia pass leads the climber directly under the precipices and glaciers of the Northern face of the Marmolata, and on to Caprile, after passing the extraordinary gorge of Sottoguda, concerning which Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill shall speak for themselves:—

It was a gorge like that of Pfefers, but grander according to our impression—grander in its features, grander in its solitude. A torrent rushed between narrowing walls, 1,000 feet in height on either side, and filled the darkness with its roar. The passage, never wider than an ordinary street, was fully a mile in length, and the path along it was banded from side to side on rough bridges of transverse logs, or suspended on hanging shelves, or carried lengthwise over the stream where there was not room for both. At one such place the entire width of the chasm did not exceed twelve feet. It was like being at the bottom of the Via Mala along with the torrent there, and sharing its awful fortunes.

Caprile does not suffer by a contrast with the strange sublimity of this approach. Enlivened by the neighbourhood of the quiet lake of Alleghe, and backed up by the fretted pinnacles of Monte Civita, it presents a scene quite unrivalled in this part of the Alps. The mountain rises to the height of 10,000 feet like a vast wall, with an outline so airy, so clearly defined, that it is difficult to look upon it as a solid mass of rock; its appearance is rather that of a grayish violet screen dropped from heaven to close the view. This conformation is frequent among the Dolomites, and suggests a striking comparison with the massive domes and towers of the Gross Glockner, the Wiesbach Horn, and other giants of the Tauern Gebirge.

We are obliged to hurry over the glories of the Croda di Malcora with the "Tyrolese Gavarnie," and the gloom of the Tofana and the "Valley of Hell," in order to follow our guides literally to "fresh woods and pastures new" in the great valleys of the Gail, the Drave, and the Save. All three possess many features of interest. The Gail flows in a course almost parallel to, and south of the Drave, with which it unites a little below Villach. Its valley is little known except in the immediate neighbourhood of Hermagor, which ardent botanists have long sought as the only home of the precious *Wulfenia*. Unscientific travellers will probably admire the soft woodlands of the valley, and the rugged outlines of the Polinik and the Kollin Kofel. The valley of the Save is better known, at any rate by name, owing to the interest attaching to the journals of Sir Humphry Davy, who year after year returned to whip the streams about Wurzen, and declared emphatically—"I know no scene more sublime than this crest of the Carnic Alps, and no streams more beautiful than the Save and the Isonzo." The scenery of both derives its grandeur from the great mass of the Julian Alps, pre-eminently from the almost inaccessible peak of the Terglou, which fills the angle between the two rivers, and is best approached by a lateral valley branching from the Save near Radmannsdorf.

One constant source of amusement in this debatable land is the striking contrast between the Italian and the Teuton, often afforded by a morning's walk. Everywhere the pine is matched against the chestnut, the sturdy square-built church against the isolated campanile, homely comfort and industry against graceful rags and poverty-stricken indolence. Unfortunately both sides of the pass are Catholic, so we fail to draw the proper moral. It is impossible to follow in detail the long circle which brought our authors through the Venetian frontier back to their old familiar Dolomites. We have only been able to draw attention to a few of the more salient points of a delightful book, which we heartily commend to all readers who appreciate a delineation of mountain scenery executed with rare fidelity both of pen and pencil. Here and there an interesting historical association is suggested, or a legend related to give life to the dry bones of some old *cyrie* of Minnesingers or Robber Knights, and everywhere we get amusing pictures of the quaint simplicity and somewhat superstitious piety of the Tyrolese character. But from beginning to end there is no trace of book-making or nonsense of any kind, and this alone is no small praise for a book of travels. It may be added that the geological chapter gives a lucid *résumé* of the *verata questio* concerning the origin of Dolomite, and ends by favouring the hypothesis of Richthofen, that the formation is altogether due to animal activity, and that the Dolomites of the future must be sought in the coral reefs of the South Pacific.

Thus is offered, to those who are worthy to use it, "a key called Promise," to unlock many a goodly valley and noble mountain in lands where hitherto the British knapsack has never penetrated. The charm is now broken, and we cannot suppress a selfish feeling of regret; our sympathies go altogether with the sentiment which prompts our authors to deprecate the intrusion of "the noisy idle stream of tourists." This, however, there seems but little reason to dread. A country which systematically keeps its ladders empty can defy the ordinary sightseer; and south of the Pusterthal a sufficiency even of "Kalbsfleisch" is not safely to be counted upon. Two or three stringy fowls, of which a dozen would not furnish an adequate dinner, may generally be had, with a lettuce, when one is well into the second hour of waiting; but this, considering also the universal presence of decidedly chiceraceous coffee, and the total absence of butter and vegetables, cannot be held a tempting bill of fare. Then, again, the confusion of tongues is a serious matter. German, Italian, and Slavonic appear in the closest proximity; the two former in the shape of a vile *patois* which is apt to baffle the best-meant attempts of an Englishman. On the whole, nine tourists out of

ten will be wise if they content themselves with admiring the Dolomite Mountains in the description of Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill, and in the excellent illustrations of Mr. Whympster and Messrs. Hanhart. Many adventures which it is good fun to have done are extremely unpleasant to do; and nothing but a genuine mountain enthusiasm, supported by a strong sense of humour and an unusually good temper, will carry a man triumphantly through the heat, dirt, and discomfort of the Italian frontier.

LATE LAURELS.*

IT is not to be wondered at that, in a day when every one writes either novels or sermons—which are often only two forms of the same thing—the author of *Wheat and Tares* should wish to add to the stock. For so very little is generally thought sufficient to set up a novelist, that a writer who is at home in the feelings of young women, knows his classics and his newspapers and his sporting literature, who is fond of observing the minute shades of social behaviour, and has a really unusual power of inventing sharp epigrammatic conversation, should think he has more right than most of his neighbours to publish a tale. *Late Laurels* bears the marks of all the qualifications for novel-writing which its author possesses, but it has one great fault if it aspires to be judged by the highest standard. It is a great deal too thin. There is much too little in the scenes, and in the plot, and in the characters. It is true that, if we read now the great novels of thirty years ago, we are struck with the impression that they too are thinner than we should have fancied. The well-remembered scenes are much shorter than our remembrance of their excellences would have led us to expect. More especially this is the case with Sir Walter Scott. If a man who first read the *Waverley* Novels twenty years ago opens them now, he will find that no sooner has he begun the best comic or pathetic chapters than he is at the end of them. They are very good, but the quantity of that which is good is small. And if this is the case with historical novels, much more is it the case with social novels. We have been made accustomed to novels entering with such elaborate minuteness into all the phases of character, so full of incident, so interspersed with commentary and explanation, that we cannot stand the simpler, thinner, harer kind of work, unless, perhaps, it is of altogether surpassing goodness. Persons who have been at Greenwich lately may have noticed in the *menu* of their coming dinner the sublime entry of "St. Pierre farci à la Hollandaise." In reality this is only a John Dory; but it is very good, and at Greenwich, after a "St. Pierre farci à la Hollandaise," there is no going back to the simple solid fish as it is eaten on the coast of Devonshire. So in these days, after having read all the long trials, and criminalities, and follies of Becky Sharpe, and had the inmost sentiments of Adam Bede and Hetty revealed to us, and after seeing that Mr. Trollope can easily write four or five very long, skilful, minute histories of quiet English families at once, we cannot find the familiar relish in a little tale in two volumes, which scarcely sketches the persons it speaks of, which kills off the heroes it has introduced almost before we have learnt their names, and gives us unnumbered openings into the secret history of family life which are never pursued.

The truth is that very many persons, of whom the author of *Late Laurels* is one, write novels with half a heart. They like imagining characters, they like satirising friends or foes, they like inventing sharp sayings, they like pouring out their remembrances, their aspirations, and their opinions, and they see that a novel is the best vehicle for saying all they have to say. But they do not like the trouble of writing a novel at full length. It costs much hard work, much dogged patience, much fatigue of mere quill-driving to write a good novel on the modern pattern. Some scenes may be amusing enough to compose; but in all stories there must be some padding, and the goodness, the conscientiousness, and the neatness of Mr. Trollope's padding form one of his best claims to be reckoned a master in the art. But what we may term the amateur novelist—the gentlemanly author, with feeling, and wit, and a turn for writing, but who does not care twopence whether his novel is to be a marketable success or not—cannot stand the weariness of doing elaborate padding. So he merely puts down heads of incident which pave the way for another scene he likes to dwell on. He tells us briefly that "he died, and she very imprudently married the barber." This is not the way in which the great creator of marketable novels does his work. In *Orley Farm*, or the *Small House at Allington*, the lady would be kept from her barber for many a long chapter. Her imprudence would be brought home to her; she would discuss it with her aunt, with her mother, with Archdeacon Grantley, with Miss Dunstable. The barber would have his feelings too, and perhaps the history of the shop where he got his lather might be added to give a comic fullness to the narrative. Practically, it is a great bore doing this. It is a great nuisance for a man, we will say, turned forty, to get seriously up at six o'clock and settle himself before a half-lit fire, and then set to work to compose a love-letter of an imaginary young lady, long after he has made the great discovery of life, and learned that young ladies are only grown-up girls. It is a bore, under such circumstances, to have to write a love-letter; but it is an infinitely greater bore to have to do the padding of a love-letter—to describe all the accompanying circumstances, to show that the

* *Late Laurels*. By the Author of "Wheat and Tares." London: Longman & Co. 1864.

young lady, while writing it, was under the influence of two conflicting qualms of conscience, that her back hair came down while she was composing it, and that the chair she was sitting on was covered with a rose-coloured chintz. The man who, conscious of ability and of a varied interest in human life, gets up at inconvenient hours and solemnly writes out the description of all these necessary circumstances in full, honest detail, because he knows that this is the only way to produce a handsome and genuine article of the sort in demand, shows a determination and a pertinacity which it would perhaps be unfair, and which it would certainly be hopeless, to ask from the amateur novelist.

The composition of a novel is, to the amateur novelist, not so much the execution of a laborious task to which he is spurred by the love of fame or the desire for money, as the creation of a field where he may disport himself. He contrives an outing for himself by going through the unwelcome labour of inventing a set of people and a plot. If he is timid, and has only half a mind to have his thing, he goes carefully to work, and puts in a fair amount of padding, and writes out his incidents with some degree of labour. But if he is a bold spirit, like the author of *Late Laurels*, he takes his ease in the inn which he builds for himself. What is the reader to him, or he to the reader? He is the writer, and the master of the situation. If he tells his characters to talk epigrams at length, or to moralize as he likes, or to make room for a digression, they must do as he bids them. They are his sole and absolute property. If he likes them to marry twice, or lose all their grandparents, or inherit and dissipate half-a-dozen fortunes, and if he bids them get through these domestic events in two or three lines, he has his way completely. He tells his heroes and heroines to come, and they come; he tells them to go, and they go; and it is precisely because he has this uncontrolled mastery that the amateur novelist finds his occupation satisfactory. In *Late Laurels* everything and everybody makes way for the author. The author feels that it would, in fiction, be a pretty country where a man might not whop his own nigger. Those sweet, amiable niggers of his, the second hero and the third heroine, are going to be married at the end of the first volume. He does not hesitate to whop them as much as he likes. He makes them wait at the foot of the altar while he indulges his humour by describing a comic Parliamentary debate on the Royal Boilers. He does not bother himself by telling us what the Royal Boilers mean, but he begins straight off by inventing an elaborate summary of a speech in which the Royal Boilers are attacked by an Opposition orator. The Ministerial reply is given, and the cartoon of the *Punch* of the week following is described. Then the author is satisfied. He has had his outing. He has, as it were, been, in point of novel-writing, to the Derby. He has put on a long nose, and a paper-garland, and has shot his pens at Parliament. That done, he is quite ready to go home and be quiet. Once more he takes up the thread of the story, and the marriage ceremony is allowed to proceed. The reader is puzzled; but why should he not be? It is the business of the amateur novelist not to explain things, but to amuse himself, and, if he can, to amuse the reader too. And very often the author of *Late Laurels* does amuse the reader, and very often pleases and interests him. There is a love scene at four in the morning, under the shadow of a burning house, which we think the most fastidious young lady would pronounce neat and graceful. If any novels but the very best are to be read, and ordered from circulating libraries, this is certainly one of them. It has much more power in it, and is much more entertaining, than most of those works which keep Messrs. Mudie's carts for ever revolving. The conversations more particularly are full of life. We never had the pleasure of meeting a set of people where every one was so epigrammatic, where English gave way so largely to French, and where Italian quotations so usually ended sentences. Nor, we confess, should we like to intrude upon them, and have to feel personally the awkwardness of not knowing how to talk like that. But, if people anywhere do talk so smartly, they have seldom found an abler or livelier chronicler than the author of *Late Laurels*.

DEAN ALFORD'S NEW TESTAMENT FOR ENGLISH READERS.*

(No. II.)

CHRISTIANS who consider that the Bible came down in its English version ready printed from heaven will find something in this book, if they will look into it, which will open their eyes with a very wide stare. They will find not only suggestions in almost every page how the sense of many passages might be improved, which will strike them as presumptuous, but they will find ancient authorities set up as it were in judgment on the Sacred Text. They will find these authorities occasionally rejecting verses or half verses, and they will learn that that text itself, or rather the original text from which *their* sacred text is taken, is said to be "in confusion." And they will find an entire section of the Gospel of St. John, that which contains the account of the woman taken in adultery (chap. viii. 1-11, with the last verse of chap. vii.), regarded as probably tainted with spuriousness. We will transcribe the Dean's remarks on this celebrated passage:—

This passage is to be treated very differently from the rest of the sacred text. In the Alexandrine, Vatican, Paris, and Sinaitic MSS., the ancient Syriac versions, and all the early Fathers, it is omitted; the Cambridge MS. alone

of our most ancient authorities contains it. Augustine states that certain expunged it from their MSS. because they thought it might encourage sin. But this will not account for the very general omission of it, nor for the fact that chap. vii. 53, is included in the omitted portion. Eusebius assigns it apparently to the apocryphal "Gospel according to the Hebrews." Other things to be noted respecting it are (1.), that in the MSS. which contain it, the number of variations is very much greater than in any equal portion of Scripture; so much is this the case, that there are, in fact, three separate texts, it being hardly possible to unite them into one. (2.) That, in the original, the style and manner of narrating are entirely different from those of our Evangelist. It is not merely that many words and idioms occur which John never uses, but that the whole cast and character of the passage is alien from his manner, in whichever of the existing texts we read it. (3.) The great majority of those MSS. which contain the passage place it here. Some, however, insert it after the end of Luke xxi., which certainly seems a more fitting place, seeing that the incidents evidently belong to the later part of our Lord's ministry.

Not very different is the conclusion arrived at by Dr. Wordsworth in his summary of the evidence for and against the genuineness of this passage. He says (Greek Test., note *ad loc.*), speaking of his investigation into the question, that

It serves to inculcate the duty of thankfulness to Almighty God for the solid foundation on which the proof of the genuineness and inspiration of the canon of Scripture rests. This passage is found in three hundred MSS., and numerous Versions and Fathers. But it does not quite stand the test, not quite satisfy the conditions requisite for its admission in the canon of Holy Writ. How severe an ordeal, therefore, have the books of Holy Scripture gone through! The strong claims of this rejected candidate for admission bring out more clearly and forcibly the virtue and strength of those which have been admitted into the canon of Scripture. . . . In proportion to the rigour of that scrutiny is the solidity of the ground of our belief of its inspiration.

Yet, whatever opinion be held as to its genuineness, there need be no doubt of the authentic character of the facts which this passage records. It seems, as Dr. Wordsworth remarks, wholly incredible that "the early Church should have invented such a narrative." It has no connexion with any set of special views which became current at any period within which a forgery is possible. Rather the highly ascetic sentiments which we trace in the second and third centuries—for instance, in Tertullian—were repugnant to the leniency on the question submitted to him which the Saviour here manifests. Yet as little reason is there for thinking that any views, however dominant, would have effected the rejection of such a passage, had it formed a part of the genuine text of St. John. We may accept Dr. Wordsworth's suggestion that it formed part of his oral teaching, and may suppose that it was added at first perhaps in the margin of some MSS., or at the end; that the recognition of its substantive truth and value obtained for it a place in the record, before the sharp line between canonical and non-canonical writings had been drawn which afterwards appeared; but that it was unable wholly to legitimate its title, and remains as it were quartered in the same scutcheon, but carrying the bar sinister to mark its origin. Yet it has not been without defenders down to the most recent period. And an elaborate argument in favour of its genuineness may be seen in Messrs. Webster and Wilkinson's Greek Testament, where see the notes *ad loc.* We highly approve, therefore, of the boldness with which Dean Alford has treated the passage as distinct from, although imbedded in, the text of the fourth Evangelist. Learned commentators, in notes designed for scholars, may transfix it with their "obelisk" of condemnation as spurious *qua* the hand of the apostle. But so long as they print it consecutively and coherently with the rest of his narrative, their elaborate protest carries an inadequate weight. To expel it from the continuity of the text, to relegate it to the margin, to print it there in different and smaller type, and to incarcerate it in square brackets, is quite another thing. This is to depose it visibly, and to express to the eye of the ordinary reader its disqualification for a place in the sacred canon. At the same time, the truth and value of its matter of fact is expressly recognised. Indeed, the most pregnant of its *dicta* has sunk too deeply into the heart of Christendom for its hold on faith and practice ever to be seriously shaken.

The Dean of Canterbury has, in this volume, shaken off the difficulty which the perplexity of inter-references and the small collateral differences in three parallel evangelical narratives caused in the first instalment of his work. The notes are not such tiresome reading, nor is the sense arrived at so often tessellated and fragmentary, as was the case there. We are accordingly better able to judge of the performance as "English readers." We find the generally prominent qualities to be, great power of accumulating, sifting, and condensing—in short, all the hod-and-trowel work, all the shovel-and-broom work, all the sieve-and-dustbin work of scholarship in perfection. There is a good clear grit of common sense pervading the whole; but we see the backbone and ribs of Protestantism sticking out, like a hard grim skeleton, through everything. We admire an indefatigable industry which seems to accept nothing at second-hand, and which has earned the right to speak sweepingly of a text, because it has tracked a particle or an accent through a score of "uncials" and twice as many "cursives." Yet we miss something which transcends all these, and without which we fear it is not given to the fullest profundity of research and the closest accuracy of statement to reach the popular mind. Not, of course, that the Protestantism of any view, however pronounced, would impede its acceptance with the average English reader; but the same mental habit which is proper to that quality includes a certain staid rigidity and repression of enthusiasm which mars the fusion of the various elements which have contributed to the idea, and gives us something hard and crude as a result. But, beyond this, the vast difference of style between St. John and any other writer of the New Testament throws out into fuller relief the interval between him and the editor who measures him—

* *The New Testament for English Readers*. Containing the Authorized Version, with Marginal Corrections of Readings and Renderings, Marginal References, and a Critical and Explanatory Commentary. By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. 2 vols. Vol. I. Part II. The Gospel of St. John, and the Acts of the Apostles. London and Oxford: Rivingtons. 1863.

self equally with all. It is given to few commentators to follow even approximately the mind of St. John. The utter simplicity of language and unmeasured profundity of thought which characterize him make all attempt at analysis, by logical manipulation of the text, appear a mere plausibility. In him, the "shallows which"—to use an ancient metaphor—"a lamb may ford" are closely succeeded by the "depths where the elephant must swim." And, by the way, an elephant afloat would form no unapt image of Dean Alford in this portion of his commentary. We cannot here stop to show by specimens the ground of this opinion. But the text and notes on St. John vi. xv. xvi. and xvii. contain many examples of what we mean, in attempts to reduce to dogmatic limits truth which seems to resist the angular conceptions of the dogmatic mind, and which must be seized, if at all, by spiritualistic intuition. Here analysis, so far as it succeeds, splits the diamond, and presents us with the fragmentary facets.

It is, however, in the Acts of the Apostles that the Dean has most fully vindicated his claims to comment for the unlearned upon Scripture. To this part of his work we turn with a feeling of refreshment. He finds an adequate field for his love of detailed investigation in the more continuous historical field which it opens. The local histories of Gaza, Caesarea, Damascus, Philippi, and other cities, and the personal careers of such men as Herod Agrippa, Agrippa II., Aretas, and others, are fully given in notes which are models of the compact results of copious research. He had here been preceded by Mr. Humphry, whose comparatively small work on the Acts of the Apostles was the most scholarly work of its day, and by the wide sweep of erudite investigation, ethnical, topographical, and archaeological, conducted by Messrs. Conybeare and Howson. Occasionally, however, his scholarship does not seem irrefragable. For example, in St. Paul's speech before Agrippa (chap. xxvi. v. 23), he seems to ignore the use of the conjunction *et* in statements made with strong emotion, especially of admiration and sympathy, for *et*. This sense of it our translators, in their words "that Christ should suffer," have expressly recognised, but Dean Alford, in his marginal direction "*render, if [at least] Christ was liable to suffering,*" expressly rejects. His rendering makes the clause a condition of the verification of the prediction of Moses by the facts of our Lord's death and resurrection, which it is not. The Authorized Version makes it a statement of that *wherein* the verification consisted, which it is. Further, for the "at least" inserted in brackets there seems to be no plea in the words or sense of the original. Again, in Agrippa's speech to St. Paul—rendered, no doubt in error, by the Authorized Version, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian"—the Dean proposes two renderings. He gives one in his margin, "*With small persuasion thou thinkest that thou canst make me a Christian,*" which seems objectionable, as giving a tone of subjectivity to the statement which the original will not bear; the other in his note, "*Lightly (with small trouble) art thou persuading thyself that thou canst make me a Christian,*" which has the disadvantage of being false grammar—since the present of the middle verb, or the perfect *πεισθας*, would undoubtedly have been used—as well as of giving a false turn to the diction. The phrase *ἐν ὀλίγῳ* has been much debated, but there is little doubt that *ὀλίγῳ* should be supplied—the "small persuasion" of Dean Alford; but what then becomes of *πειθεις*? The graver question as regards the phrase *ἐν ὀλίγῳ* is, In what connexion does it stand in the retort by St. Paul in v. 29, *καὶ ἐν ὀλίγῳ καὶ ἐν πολλῷ*? That it should there qualify the mental action which St. Paul ascribes to himself in *εὐελογῶν αὐτὸν*, just as it does the external action which Agrippa ascribed before to him in *πειθεις*, is what the law of continuity and the rule of position require. The word *ὀλίγῳ*, then, suits the retort as it does the provocative phrase. That retort means, "I could pray both in brief and in full"; i. e. I could pray every way—a phrase of expansion, deriving its force merely from the fact of its embodying in earnest the word which the previous speaker used in scorn. Here, then, we think the Authorized Version was capable of amendment, but a second hole in the sense has been made instead of stopping the old one. These flaws occur in consecutive pages, but this is by no means the usual ratio of their frequency. They are, we believe, rare. Still, as criticizing in the interests of the unlearned brethren, we think it right to call attention to them.

As an example of common sense applied to a knotty point where doctors have differed, we will cite the remarks on the "rivers of living water" of John vii. 38, in which an allusion has been supposed to the ceremony of pouring the water on the altar from a golden vessel, which was done on the seven previous days of the festival, but *not* on the last day, on which the words were spoken. Dean Alford remarks:—

It was the eighth day, and the pouring of water did not take place; but is, therefore, all allusion to the ceremony excluded? I think not—nay, I believe it is the more natural. For seven days the ceremony had been performed and the Hallel sung. On the eighth day the Hallel was sung, but the outpouring of the water did not take place—something was missed which took place on the other days. "Then Jesus stood and cried," &c. Was not this the most natural time?

As an example of over-riding a hobby, we may refer to the remarks on the prayer of Cornelius in Acts x. 2. The general inference is well put, under the authority of Neander, as being that the subject of his prayers was that he might be guided into truth, and if so, hardly without reference to that faith which was now spreading so widely over Judæa. . . . Further than this we cannot infer with certainty; but, if the particular difficulty present in his mind be sought, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that it was connected with the apparent necessity of embracing Judaism and circumcision in order to become a believer on Christ.

Why should we seek the "particular difficulty present in his mind," there being no certainty that there was anything more than a general difficulty? It is seldom worth while to hang an hypothesis upon an hypothesis where nothing beyond the particular state of an individual mind at the time is accounted for by so doing.

There are, however, one or two examples which have struck us of opinions intemperate and exaggerated. Such is the remark on the question of Apostles and Bishops, which does not arise immediately out of the text to which it is attached, Acts xiii. 2, but rather from the controversial overflow of the writer's mind:—

In virtue of the foundation of the Gentile churches being entrusted to them, Saul and Barnabas become after this apostles, not *vice versa*; nor is there the least ground for the inference that this was a formal extension of the apostolic office, the pledge of its continuance through the episcopacy to the end of time. The apostolic office terminated with the apostolic times, and by its very nature admitted not of continuance; the episcopal office, in its ordinary sense, sprung up after the apostolic times, and the two are entirely distinct.

We will only compare this with the calm language of Hooker, in his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, b. vii., v. 3, 4:—

"All bishops are," saith Jerome, "the apostles' successors." In like sort, Cyprian doth term bishops, "*praepositi qui apostolicis vicaria ordinatione succedunt.*" From hence it may haply seem to have grown that they whom we now call bishops were usually termed at the first apostles, and so did carry their very names in whose rooms of spiritual authority they succeeded. Such as deny apostles to have had any successors at all in the office of their apostleship may hold that opinion without contradiction to this of ours if they well explain themselves in declaring what truly and properly apostleship is. In some things every presbyter, in some things only bishops, in some things neither the one nor the other are the apostles' successors. . . . In this [their function as eye-witnesses] there are not after them any other like unto them, and yet the apostles have now their successors upon earth, their true successors, if not in the largeness, surely in the kind of that episcopal function, whereby they had power to sit as spiritual ordinary judges.

The tendency of the Dean, indeed, is to be too often sparring. Now it is the Harmonists, now the Rationalists, now the upholders of verbal inspiration, at whom his strokes are aimed. After wading through heaps of nonsense or error, it is no doubt difficult to resist the temptation of exposing it, and *nunquamne reponam* expresses the feeling of a commentator so situated. Yet self-restraint in this respect always carries more weight than will be attained by the constantly recurring attitude of challenge. A note-writer's safest controversy is ever with his own tendency to write about or beside, rather than on, his text.

THE DANES IN CAMP.

THIS is a pleasantly written book, because it is exactly what it professes to be. It is nothing but a republication of letters written from Denmark, and bearing the fresh impress of every feeling and circumstance under which they were written. Books of travels are usually marred, as certain actions in Roman theology are purified, by their intention. The traveller, even in his wildest and most adventurous excursion, writes with the fear of Paternoster Row before his eyes. The bookmaker is perpetually letting his ears be seen under the cover of the traveller's skin. This combination of characters is more repulsive in writers of books of travel than in any other class of literary labourers. The professional art dictated by the bookseller's experience is unpleasantly uncongenial when it presents itself in conjunction with natural beauties, or with the freshness of unexplored manners and customs; and usually the descriptions so dressed up have as much relation to the original they profess to represent as the Swiss peasant of the Italian Opera has to the Swiss peasant of the Forest Cantons. Mr. Herbert's book is satisfactory to read because it presents so strong a contrast to the average of the literary class to which he belongs. Its merit is that it is written because its author wishes to tell what he has seen and felt, and not because he wishes to produce an article that will sell.

The period over which Mr. Herbert's experience ranges only comprises the last ten days of March. But those ten days furnish as good a sample of the Danish life in camp, and of the nature of the task the Danes had to perform during the period when they were in occupation of Dybbøl, as a longer residence would have done. There are many lively and striking passages, descriptive of the peculiarities of life and manners among this unlucky people, which, in a quieter period, would have attracted deservedly the reader's chief attention. In these stormy times, he will linger with most interest over the description of the defences of Dybbøl, and the narrative of the attack that was made on the night between Easter-day and Easter Monday. Of the character of the position at Dybbøl, Mr. Herbert—writing on the spot, before the place had been taken—gives a most gloomy account, and one which subsequent events have but too fully justified. The one fatal error which ran through the whole plan of defence was that it was conceived twelve years ago, and that, for some inexplicable reason, the Danish War Office chose to take no notice whatever of the gigantic strides which since that time had been made by the science of destruction. The engineer who designed it thought only of smooth-bore guns, and never dreamed of artillery that could be plied with a deadly aim from a distance of a mile and three-quarters. The result was, in the first place, that all his works were too weak to bear the impact of modern projectiles. Before the end of the short siege, every single blockhouse had become untenable, and in fact was in ruins. But a still more unfortunate result of the antiquated calculations upon which the works were

* *The Danes in Camp. Letters from Sonderborg.* By AUBURN HERBERT. London: Saunders, Oiley, & Co. 1864.

planned was, that the points which in reality were weakest were left almost entirely unprotected. At the base of the southern part of the Dybbøl peninsula lies the Venning Bund, an arm of the sea; and under an older system of artillery this creek would have been a sufficient defence against any serious attempt at shelling. But a mile and a half off lies the Broager peninsula. Upon this the Prussians erected their batteries, and, firing across the sea at the unprotected Dybbøl works, they had the Danes at their mercy. There was nothing to reply to them except two twelve-pounder guns of the dates respectively of 1756 and 1767, and which had been rifled at Copenhagen; and these were among the most far-shooting implements of which the Danes could boast. The result was that the whole Danish position was easily enfiladed by the Broager batteries, while the Danes were unable on their side to make any effective reply. Fortunately or unfortunately for them, the Prussians, being deliberate in all their proceedings, only fired in the day, and at night went quietly to bed. The Danes consequently, having sat still to be shot at all day, employed themselves at night in repairing the damage that had been done. But, necessarily, there were numbers wounded to no purpose in this one-sided duel; and the little army—over-tasked, over-exhausted, and depressed by days and nights of passive, unexciting danger—was at last worn out. But the faults of the fortifications at Dybbøl were not confined to their antiquated character. They were bad in themselves:—

But it is not merely in the matter of shelter—the first requisite of good earthworks—that they are so deplorably deficient, but also in matters of defence. There is no revetment to the counterscarp; the depth of the ditch is a child's leap; no part of the line is properly flanked by the other; the rise of these mounds is in many parts too steep to become a glacis for the play of the guns, and not steep enough to break the rush of the storming party; and though you may find it as difficult to believe as I find it sad to write, the forts are in many places connected with long, straight and dead stretches of breastwork, with no ditch in front, and which neither you nor your horse would have the slightest difficulty in clearing. The formidable inner intrenchments and second line of defences are as much produced out of the depths of German consciousness, as are the wolf-traps, the snares, the ingenious devices, and scientific works with which their newspapers have surrounded this place. In Hamburg we bought a map of the seat of war, in which the Dybbøl line of forts was scored three deep with a profusion of red ink, which very much amused the officers at head-quarters, though, as we laughed, we were obliged to confess that we were doing so at our own expense. Unfortunately the spade is not in my opinion doing its duty; and though here and there it is throwing up a battery, I see no real change in the condition of the defences, nor any sign of such a memorable use as Todleben extracted from the breathing-time which the Allies gave him.

It seems inconceivable that the Danish Government should have been so foolhardy as this description of their means of defence proves them to have been. They must have known that for years past they had been playing a dangerous game. Opinion may differ as to the merits of the question in controversy; but of this, at least, there could have been no doubt, that it was of a highly explosive kind. Every Danish statesman ought to have been well aware that, ever since the first Decree of Execution was launched against them in 1858, the Danes were walking on the edge of a precipice. And they actually were well aware of the fact. The conversations of Danish Ministers with the English representative show them to have been fully conscious that, in the policy they were pursuing, they were running the risk of war. It is quite unintelligible that no one among them should have thought of investigating the comparative conditions of numerical or mechanical force under which that war would have to be fought, or of taking the ordinary precautions which enable the weak, for a time at least, to make head against the strong. The error has been a fatal one for Denmark. If she could have made a good defence instead of a bad one, and could have held her strong positions until the sympathy she was arousing could force its way to a practical expression, the fate of the North of Europe might have been wholly different.

The other portion of the book which will be read with the most interest is the description of the night attack of Easter Sunday. Throughout, Mr. Herbert expresses the highest admiration of the calm dogged courage of the Danish soldiery; and throughout he allows to be seen, though he does not formally express, a feeling the reverse of admiration for the strategic abilities of the Danish generals. They seem to have done everything which men under such circumstances should not have done. They should have been chary of their men, of whom they had so few; they should have selected, from the first, positions which they could hold, and should have spared no labour to put them into a defensible condition. But they did the reverse of all these things:—

This was the first closing of the semicircle upon the Dybbøl forts; and it leads me to make a remark upon a fault, which has in my opinion dogged the whole course of Danish tactics.

The whole course of the war hitherto has necessarily been a succession of retrappings on our side. Position after position, without any choice in the matter, has had to be abandoned. Unfortunately on these occasions, though yielding to the necessity, the Danes have not been able to withstand the temptation of striking a blow; this blow has done a good deal of mischief, but rather to themselves than to the enemy; for it has never been a serious one, as they could not run the risk of making it so, and consequently it has inspired one army with a feeling of success, and the other with that of failure. It has been the blow of a man, struck as he steps backward; a blow, which the science of striking blows condemns as spending the strength of one combatant and inflicting little injury on the other. The resolute temper of the Dane is ill-pleased at not attempting to hold any ground which offers itself; but this is no excuse for the mistake which has been committed at the Dannewerke, before Dybbøl, at Vellé, where considerable preparations were made to defend a position which ought not to have been held, and before Fredericia. It is in this fighting and withdrawing that the Danes have lost so many prisoners, and it ought to be remembered that the loss of prisoners is a bad thing for the morale of an army, which can better afford to

have its numbers thinned by losses in action than in this other apparently more harmless way. Moreover, the Danes do not show well in these skirmishes, which are generally decided by the efficiency of the tirailleurs, for they are slow and heavy in this important part of war and provided with a very inferior weapon.

Mr. Herbert speaks strongly in favour of the "needle-gun," whose practice he has had ample opportunities of watching. It is true that it tempts the soldier to fire too fast, and so to waste his ammunition; but, under ordinary circumstances, that is more a financial than a military objection. It is, at all events, an objection which, as our author justly observes, would have been equally applicable to every improvement in small arms since the invention of the clumsiest matchlock until now. Its great advantage would be in meeting a bayonet charge. A line of good marksmen armed with the needle-gun could give a good account of a charging line some time before the bayonet could be brought to bear. As the bayonet is a weapon in which the English take great pride, this new discovery which threatens to make it useless is worthy of more thoughtful consideration than the traditions of the Horse Guards seem likely to allow it to receive. Altogether, the book is a timely and useful contribution to the literature of the day. It is full of promise of literary power, which it is to be hoped that its possessor will not suffer to lie unemployed.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.*

THE Institute of France, as at present constituted, is composed of five so-called *classes*, among which are the *Académie Française*, the *Académie des Sciences*, and the *Académie des Inscriptions*. M. Maury sees reason to be dissatisfied with the official precedence, as well as the greater popularity, enjoyed by the first-mentioned Academy over the other two, and he has consequently set about writing the history of these latter, with the view of showing their claims to superior estimation. His history of the Academy of Inscriptions has been already reviewed in these columns, and we have now before us the companion volume, containing the history of the Academy of Sciences. Both in his present histories and in his previous publications, M. Maury proves himself one of the few remaining representatives of the race of polyhistorians whose star set when that of learned academies began to rise. We have not now to speak of M. Maury's capacity in matters of archaeology, philology, and the like, in which he seems to have been proficient from the first; but in regard to those sciences with which he is concerned in his present volume, he evidently does but follow the authority of others whose books he has consulted in order to draw up his own compilation. Considered in a scientific point of view, the result could scarcely, for the reason just stated, be altogether satisfactory, and we confess we have found it impossible to read his book through in any sort of regular order. There is a certain kind of allusive writing which as often implies the ignorance of the writer as it apparently presupposes the familiarity of the reader with the subjects adverted to, and which pervades to a great extent the book before us; although it should be stated that, from the smallness of its bulk, coupled with the completeness which M. Maury has sought to attain, such a result was perhaps inevitable under any circumstances. Nevertheless, reading of this kind is very unprofitable work. It reminds one of the elevations of the *Palais de l'Industrie*, where the ingenious architect has hit upon the device of inscribing the names of all sorts of celebrities, instead of presenting their effigies to the beholder—something in the way of the old sign-post upon the stage in lieu of scenery. We fear therefore that, although valuable for reference, M. Maury's book will scarcely fulfil the expectations of its author in popularizing the cause of his client with the general public. The majority of readers, being little fond of science altogether, or of scientific history either, probably care least for it when it is served up to them in the form of a medley of *étiquettes* without substance, or short biographies interspersed with summaries of papers, and in such a state of confusion that in the course of every few pages the mind has to skip through the whole cycle of sciences.

Histories and biographies are generally written of things or persons of the past; and indeed, although apparently flourishing, the French Academy, like all similar institutions, belongs to an era that is gone by. Originally instituted as a kind of learned clubs, most Academies are at present without object, since the division and multiplication of the different branches of science so much confine the interest of each individual inquirer that there are few points of contact between any two members of such a body as the French Academy of Sciences, for instance. Consequently, they render no service to science beyond the publication of papers which might just as well find a place in the many independent scientific periodicals in which, being more generally accessible, not a few, in point of fact, are reprinted. When there were no such periodicals, Academies of course were more useful, but even then their activity was little of a corporate nature. A society may be said to fulfil a useful purpose if its members combined produce a greater amount of valuable results than they would in the aggregate if in a state of isolation; or, still better, if the society in its corporate capacity performs services which no individual or individuals unconnected with each other could render. Such has, unfortunately, never been the case—or, at any rate, only in the beginning, and later at rare intervals—with learned societies modelled upon the older type; and the French Academy, at least that of its branches with which we are here

* *L'Ancienne Académie des Sciences.* Par T. F. Alfred Maury. Paris: Didier. 1864.

concerned, is about as bad an example as any. Many persons in England look upon membership of the French Academy as a kind of Blue Riband dangling before the eyes of men of science, for whom real prizes are so scanty; and, in reality, the usefulness of the institution, as of others of a similar nature, is about on a par with that of the Most Noble order adverted to. Nothing could be more disappointing than a first attendance at one of the meetings of the *Académie des Sciences*. One sees the members drop in one at a time, inscribe their names upon a list, then lounge about the room talking to each other so as to drown the voice of the secretary or whoever may happen to read a paper, and finally make their escape—having put in an appearance, *pro forma*, to secure a weekly allowance or escape a fine. Papers forwarded by strangers are nominally referred to *commissaires*, who never take the trouble to look into them; so that, as happened in the case of an English amateur who has since achieved great reputation as a physicist, an important memoir may lie dormant for years, until, the patience of the author having been exhausted, he betakes himself to some more convenient method of publishing his researches.

It is thus difficult to discover what useful function the Academy, upon the whole, performs, if the few prizes which it annually distributes as a totally inadequate reward to successful investigators are excepted. To recruit its own body by the election of new members after more or less intriguing, to publish a certain number of volumes of memoirs or abstracts of papers, and to indulge occasionally in unseemly personal squabbles, are feats which scarcely warrant the existence of such ponderous machinery. Not that Academies might not really do a very great deal in the way of fostering science and looking to the interests of its votaries; but their members are generally too much engrossed with their own personal pursuits to bestow care upon matters bearing no relation to them. Suppose a Parliament whose members assembled solely in view of some personal object, how would the commonwealth fare under its management? Academies are the Parliaments, as it were, of the universal Republic of Letters, which suffers accordingly owing to their selfish neglect. It is especially by encouraging those who travel along some other than the beaten track of ordinary men of science that corporations representing the interests of science might tend to promote it, but it is just those that they particularly neglect. It is true there are not many persons answering to this description to be found at any particular time; but even if there should be but one in a century, it would be well worth while to try to keep him safe. It is the exclusive glory of this country to have produced men like Davy and Faraday, for instance, for whom there would have been absolutely no room abroad to develop their talents. Yet a little less constancy on the part of Mr. Faraday, if biographical notices inform us aright, would have deprived the world of a discoverer as unrivalled and prolific in his line as Newton was in his; and who knows but that the cold shade of neglect, the want of due encouragement extended to merit exhibited in some unusual way, may be nipping every now and then some great discoverer in the bud? We need but read the lives of others who, more fortunate, have lived to bask in the sunshine of fame at last, to feel harrowed at the life-consuming struggles, the sad heart-burnings, the distressing pangs and anguish, which want of support, of sympathy, or of a friendly helping hand, so frequently inflicts upon the solitary thinker big with some great and original thought. A German physician, still living, and who is now acknowledged to have been among the first to recognise one of the most important laws in natural philosophy, encountered so much annoyance and vexation whilst endeavouring to bring his discovery before the public in a manner to ensure the attention of men of science, that he absolutely went out of his mind. It is as if those who steal some spark from heaven, instead of transmitting the smouldering lamp of the schools, were by some law of nature doomed to suffer the eagle gnawing at their hearts; yet, if Academies did the work which becomes them, such a fate as that of Dr. Mayer would be an impossibility. In the same way, many a promising suggestion happens to be advanced by persons who have either not the leisure, the convenience, or the instruments to verify it by experiment, and is therefore totally disregarded; although, if Academies are good for anything, they should give it a trial. Thus, to cite an example, a young Swiss chemist published some time ago the following interesting proposal:—There are diamonds with cavities, from which, when they are broken into, something like a gas has been observed to issue, the cavities becoming thereby empty, though originally they seemed to be filled with liquid. Might not that liquid be carbonic acid, and consequently might not those diamonds have crystallized out of a solution of carbon in liquid carbonic acid? The thing to try was whether carbonic acid in the liquid state would dissolve carbon; yet, although to those provided with the necessary means the experiment would be simple enough, and the question at issue is one of extreme interest, nobody has taken it up. It is very easy to imagine Mr. Faraday in a position where it would have been impossible for him to verify by experiment the ingenious guesses in which many of his most brilliant discoveries arose; and as no Academy would have given him a hearing if he had merely submitted his plans, we should probably have had to go without the discoveries.

What M. Maury has to tell us of the *Académie des Sciences* amounts to this—that many of its members were very celebrated, and did much to advance science by their researches or discoveries; but of the doings of the Academy as a body we hear very little. The *Académie des Sciences* originated in a private club which held its weekly assemblies for thirty years at M. Montmort's and M.

Thévenot's, until Colbert, wishing to emulate Richelieu—to whom a similar private society had suggested the idea and furnished the materials for the establishment of the *Académie Française*—transformed the club into an officially recognised public corporation, which held its first meeting in 1666. The members received pensions from the King, who also furnished the funds for experiments and other expenses. The Academy consisted of two sections, the *mathématiciens* and the *physiciens*, each of which met once a week, but on different days:—

Durant les premières années de son existence [says M. Maury, p. 15], l'Académie des Sciences conserva le caractère qu'elle avait eu avant sa constitution et sa reconnaissance par le roi. On y travaillait de concert, et le plus souvent dans le local même des réunions; ce n'étaient pas seulement des assemblées où quelques savants venaient à tour de rôle lire un mémoire, faire une communication; c'étaient de vrais laboratoires. On procédait en commun à des expériences, à des observations; on y discutait les résultats qu'on avait obtenus par des expérimentations collectives ou des recherches simultanées.

And later (p. 21):—

Aux élaborations en commun succédaient les conversations et les lectures; on signalait dans les séances l'apparition des livres publiés soit en France, soit à l'étranger, sur les matières dont s'occupait la compagnie; ils étaient jugés et critiqués.

Whilst proceeding upon such a plan, the Academy could not but be considered a useful institution. Instead of conferring the empty titles of Correspondents or Associates upon foreigners, the Academy, or the Minister who watched over and protected it, invited them to Paris, where place and salary awaited their arrival. Huyghens, Roemer, and Cassini accepted the invitation; Tschirnhausen, Newton, and others refused it. In 1681, Louis XIV. favoured the Academy with his visit:—

Je n'ai pas besoin de vous exhorter à travailler (said the paternal *grand monarque* upon leaving); vous vous y appliquez assez de vous-mêmes.

To which our historian amusingly and emphatically adds:—

Ces paroles furent pour la Compagnie un puissant encouragement qui porta ses fruits.

Of the Academicians of the time, M. Maury says:—

C'étaient des gens vertueux, à la façon du moins dont on entendait alors la vertu. . . . D'une humilité parfois plate auprès des grands, travailleurs opiniâtres, mais gardant souvent tous les ridicules des pédants de collège. . . . Louis Morin, botaniste fort estimé de son temps, vivait, comme un anachorète, de riz cuit à l'eau. Il consentit seulement dans ses derniers jours à prendre un peu de vin qu'il mesurait exactement. . . . On lui faisait, en l'allant voir, de l'honneur; mais il y ajoutait: *Quand on ne vient pas, on me fait plaisir.*

In 1699 the Academy was remodelled according to the following well-devised plan, which, if followed out conscientiously to its consequences, would have made it, in many respects, almost a perfect pattern of what such a society should be. We describe the scheme in the words of M. Maury:—

Non-seulement le cadre de l'Académie avait été notablement agrandi, mais on y introduisait une hiérarchie qui permettait d'y faire entrer à la fois des savants de profession, des jeunes gens promettant de le devenir et des grands seigneurs regrettant de ne l'être pas; autrement dit, il y eut, d'après la nouvelle constitution, des membres honoraires, des pensionnaires, des associés et des élèves. . . . Les places de membres honoraires étaient réservées à de hauts personnages. . . . Les pensionnaires étaient les véritables académiciens; ils comprenaient trois géomètres, un même nombre d'astronomes, de mécaniciens, d'anatomistes, de chimistes, de botanistes, plus un secrétaire et un trésorier. À chacune des sections de trois membres étaient agrégés deux associés. Il y eut en outre huit associés étrangers et quatre associés libres. Enfin, les élèves durent être attachés à la personne des pensionnaires, qui en avaient chacun un; ces élèves devaient être âgés de vingt ans au moins.

Fontenelle became secretary. The *pensionnaires* were appointed by the King. M. Maury does not state who nominated the rest, except the *élèves*, but it would seem that they were elected by the Academy. The King also chose the annual president and vice-president, director and sub-director—of whom the first two were selected among the honoraries, the latter among the regulars or pensioners. In 1702, the Academy began the annual publication of its *Mémoires*, to which was added in 1750 the *Recueil des Savants Étrangers*; the *Recueil des Prix* having been started in 1721, upon the foundation of the first prize by M. Rouillé de Meslay, *Conseiller au Parlement*. Besides these, the Academy published also the *Connaissance des Temps* since 1679, various treatises on technology, and the *Recueil des Machines*, by different authors. The earliest work issued by the Academy seems to have been the *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Plantes*, by Duclos and others, in 1676. We cannot attempt to follow M. Maury in his descriptions of the contents of these works, or of the discussions of which the Academy was repeatedly the forum. The principles which were implied in the system of its constitution, above quoted, seem to have been little acted upon, so that the history of the Academy consists mainly in the recital of the doings of its individual members. M. Maury is at great pains to put the activity of his client in a favourable light. Having mentioned the reports of the Academy on the hospitals of Paris and on mesmerism, he proceeds to refer to its intervention in the matter of the slaughter-houses of Paris, and of the adulteration of the cider of Normandy, in the following magniloquent strains:—

On peut citer encore d'autres rapports qui prouvent quelle confiance l'Académie inspira au gouvernement royal, et combien celui-ci était empressé de prendre son avis pour tout ce qui touchait aux intérêts sacrés du bien-être et de la salubrité publics. . . . Le rapport qui s'ensuivait en un autre monument de la vigilance de l'État et du concours continu qu'il sollicitait du docte corps.

The establishment of the metric system, undertaken at the bidding of the *Assemblée Nationale*, was a somewhat worthier and more meritorious occupation, more congenial to the character of

an Academy. Yet the ungrateful Republic put a seal to the door and archives of the Academy in the first months of 1793, and then fitfully decreed in August its reopening, "pour s'occuper spécialement des objets qui leur auront été ou pourront leur être renvoyés par la Convention Nationale." But the order remained without effect; and whilst Lavoisier and Bailly succumbed to the guillotine, Condorcet, to avoid a like fate, committed suicide, and many others of its members were in prison, the *Académie des Sciences* had ceased to exist. It revived in 1795 as one of the *classes* of the *Institut*, founded by the Convention, and after undergoing various metamorphoses in 1803 and 1816, became what it is now. M. Maury takes credit to the Royal Government for having furnished, by its *ordonnance* of 1785, the leading principles upon which the Academy was reorganized by the Convention, but we can see little merit in these provisions. It is likewise difficult for us to sympathize with M. Maury in his apparently deep-seated sorrow at seeing the *Académie des Sciences* now *au troisième rang à l'Institut*, instead of in the first rank, as in 1795, and upon which he so very feelingly expatiates at the close of his volume. "La littérature frivole," he exclaims, "et l'éloquence repirent le pas sur les sciences; intervention mal inspirée et intempestive." "Les premiers besoins auxquels l'homme doit faire face sont les besoins matériels." Hence *la science* is entitled to the first place. M. Maury concludes with a high-pitched panegyric of the *Académie*, and of the science of our age. He quotes the names of all the most notable members whom the Academy has counted in its ranks since the beginning of this century, and then winds up by saying, "Elle accomplit sa mission avec calme et ne marque du sceau de son approbation que ce qui a subi la double épreuve d'un examen approfondi et d'une enquête cent fois répétée." M. Maury forgets to tell us whether any of the celebrities whom he mentions would have been less celebrated, or would have done less, or would have lost something, if the *Académie des Sciences* had not existed; nor does it seem a very grand "mission" for an Academy to affix the stamp of its approval to things which can do without it. He assigns to the *Académie* apparently the position of a scientific police, which "protège un public inexpérimenté contre les pièges de la charlatanerie et les rêveries de l'imagination," somewhat after the manner of the literary *censure* by which paternal governments shield their flocks from political contagion through dangerous writings. To combat error or deception is certainly a useful office, but to elicit and protect truth is one still more becoming the character of an Academy. Having favoured his readers with a brief exposition of the *système de la nature*, after the type lately attempted by M. Renan in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but here to a large extent modelled on the "beau livre" of Mr. Grove, M. Maury finally bids the Academicians of the future remember the saying of Cicero, *Quod assiduis unius rei deditus et ingenium et artem sepe vincit*—a remark which M. Maury himself has little taken to heart, but the observance of which he hopes will necessitate in future "une moindre dépense de génie, ou pour mieux dire, le génie ne deviendra, comme le définissait Buffon, qu'une longue patience."

HENRY DUNBAR.*

THE homely proverb that good wine needs no bush cannot perhaps be expected to retain much hold over the minds of our popular novelists. We should be sorry, nevertheless, to see them stooping to tricks of the advertising trade which have generally been associated with the puffery of the lowest class of theological tracts or the startling prognostics of the millenarians. There is a certain suspicion attaching to the circumstance of a book reaching its second edition on the day of publication, and running rapidly up to any number of impressions or thousands of copies, which makes us wish to see such expedients abandoned to Dr. Cumming and the medical quacks. Least of all is any adventitious aid of this kind to be thought necessary in the case of a writer so generally appreciated by the lovers of sensation as the author of *Lady Audley's Secret*. We are not, indeed, concerned to unravel the web of mystery which hangs about the first impression of her latest work. It may be that no more is intended than covertly to mark the fact that *Henry Dunbar* had previously seen the light in the pages of a popular serial. Be that as it may, the announcement can really add no more to the intrinsic merit of the book than the equally gratuitous piece of puffing, that *Henry Dunbar* is the ablest production that bears the name of M. E. Braddon. On that point at least the reader will prefer to judge for himself. There is perhaps a sense in which the implied promise may be said to be fulfilled. In the present work Miss Braddon's strong points are exhibited in more than their habitual strength, while her characteristic weaknesses are seen in a degree which makes us doubtful of her ever attaining to that proper equilibrium of mind which alone can make a really first-rate writer. Miss Braddon has far too much real talent for us to submit with patience to see her sink gradually down into the place of a mere pander to the vulgar craving for criminal horrors and physical marvels. Her imagination is too fertile to be wasted in trifling with the limits of what is possible in nature or morals, and weaving plots more and more inextricable in their mystery and wide in their ramifications. And her sympathies are too warm and deep to spend themselves upon the coarse delineation of criminals, however various in type and measure of rascality. In this very book we have signs of a capacity for better

things. One female character is drawn with a degree of purity and force which might have been developed into genuine excellence but for the hurry or impatience which made the writer leave the sketch unfinished. We are put off with a clever study, instead of a masterpiece of character-painting. It is one of the evil necessities which grow out of the vocation of a popular novelist, that the public demand for fresh draughts of sensation is so insatiable and so pressing as hopelessly to preclude the possibility of finished and careful writing. The press can seemingly never be got to stand still a minute for the perfecting of the plot and the careful elaboration of details. The result is, that we are staggered at almost every page by incongruities and blunders which render the action of the story utterly impossible in practice, as well as by blemishes of character which make the most promising personages of the cast the most disappointing to us. It is no augury of good to the light literature of the day when the rising aspirants to popular favour are content thus to barter away substantial and durable reputation for the bubble of immediate applause, if not for a more mercenary incentive still—

et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

Miss Braddon's instinct has not failed her when she lays so much stress upon keeping the reader in suspense concerning the clue to the mystery of *Henry Dunbar* as to preface the work with "the same appeal to the critics which has been made by an eminent novelist on a previous occasion—namely, not to describe the plot." The whole interest, in fact, turns upon the *dénouement* breaking upon the mind at the right moment; and the writer's skill is most characteristically displayed in the admirable way in which the veil is lifted by little and little—a hint here and an innuendo there keeping up a kind of tantalizing game of odds, first, as to where the *onus* of criminality rests, and next, as to the chances of detection or escape between the criminal and his pursuers. Never was there a book to which the professed novel-reader's maxim of beginning at the last page was less applicable than this. To work backwards towards what musicians would call the prime *motif* of the piece would be like blurring out the answer before putting the conundrum. It is only in novels of character—in which the story serves merely as the framework to the canvas—that such a rule is really appropriate. In works like the present, the prevalent feeling, on looking back upon the pages which have served to beguile us for a time, is that of mortification at the flimsiness and transparency of the artifice by which our interest has been kept up. By the light of common sense, without the microscope of criticism, the whole conception falls to pieces of itself.

The idea upon which the present story is made to turn is that of impersonation—an idea upon which there has been a somewhat inordinate run of late on the part of our novelists. Now it need scarcely be said that this matter is one in which the superior strangeness of real life over the utmost resources of romance is more than usually wont to display itself. The annals of our courts of justice and committees of privilege teem with cases of successful substitution and mistaken identity which might vindicate or defy the wildest attempts to cap them by a fictitious parallel. Within what limit then, it may be asked, is the fancy of the novelist to be restrained, and by what tests is the critic to pronounce whether the laws of probability have or have not been violated? However difficult it may be to decide these points in any particular instance, there can be no difficulty in arriving at one fundamental canon of criticism. Amid all the freedom which has of late years been taken—and that with decided benefit in many other respects—with the so-called "unities" so strictly enforced by the pedants of old time, there remains one unity with which it must ever be fatal even for an instant to tamper, and that is the "unity of character." The moral action of each person and of the mass must be throughout consistent with itself and with the general laws of human conduct. No ingenuity in weaving plots, no skill in narrative or composition, will make up for the want of this faithfulness to nature, any more than mere wealth of imagination or gorgeousness of colouring can atone for defective drawing in a picture. Miss Braddon is welcome to all the marvels of coincidence, and all the turns, good or ill, of luck, which crowd so fast upon each other as to hold the reader of *Henry Dunbar* in breathless suspense as to what new miracle is to spring from the wheel of fortune. It would be unfair to cavil at the singular chance that throws together, after five-and-thirty years, the broken scapegrace Joseph Wentworth, *alias* Wilnot, and the worn-out half-paralytic old clerk, his brother Samuel, at the very nick of time when the latter is taking his ticket to Southampton to meet the great head of his firm, Henry Dunbar, on his return from an absence of the same period in India. It is equally legitimate to further the schemer's designs of profit coupled with revenge—revenge for the cowardly perfidy of the now millionaire in having abandoned to ruin and crime the devoted tool whose skill he had used in a youthful deed of forgery—through the simple expedient of leaving old Samuel to die of a final seizure, and to be buried out of sight at a small country station on the line. It is important to have no witness present at the meeting between the banker and his former servant and accomplice. That the two men should be of much the same build and general physique is nothing very out of the way. Nor is it unreasonable that such a similarity should dictate a further approximate resemblance in the style and tone of gentlemen's dress, though Antipholus of Norfolk Island has just been newly rigged out in a ready-made clothing depot at Southampton, while Antipholus of Bengal has but just stepped off the steamer, after

* *Henry Dunbar*. By M. E. Braddon. 3 vols. London: Maxwell & Co. 1864.

five-and-thirty years' sojourn in the East. "His clothes, in fact, were very much of the same fashion as those which Joseph Wilmot had chosen for himself." It would cost a commonplace writer some pains to shuffle off the effects of climate upon the features and external physique during that extent of a man's life, as no mean obstacle in the way of passing off one man for the other. But this is a trifle which our authoress can afford to pass by in forgetfulness or contempt. Yet such as these are the pins by which the loose and threadbare tissue of the story is precariously held together from beginning to end. So marvellous, however, are the coincidences which meet us in real life—witness the extraordinary case of Joseph Lesurques lately revived in the French Chambers—that we are not disposed to question the author's right to prop up by such bold expedients a tale of substitution. To the class of what may be called mere physical improbabilities it is not easy to assign any finite or determinate limit. It is quite possible, however unlikely, for a man to throw sixes with a pair of dice a dozen times in succession; and to make a story actually turn upon so rare a combination of chances might perhaps be within the limits of legitimate art. Its very rarity, in fact, would entitle it, so to say, to form the centre of a romantic situation. But, for the same reason, to introduce it as a casual incident subordinate to the more general plot, yet essential to the smooth working of the machinery, would be too glaring a violation of the laws of dramatic propriety.

On the other hand, the laws of moral probability permit not the faintest amount of such tampering. Here we pass into the region of mixed or public life, in which the motives, habits, and conduct of numbers of agents must be taken into account. In the wildest fiction, all that concerns moral action, whether in individuals or in society, must be held in rigorous keeping. In a tale of low life in Ireland, to describe a murder as taking place in broad daylight in a public thoroughfare—the murderer walking away quietly and without molestation through a crowd of bystanders, with his blunderbuss smoking on his shoulder—would be a perfectly admissible piece of art. Did we meet with the same incident pictured as taking place in Oxford Street, we should pitch the book into a corner; the jar upon our sense of what is morally possible would be too harsh to be endured. When Miss Braddon so changes in a trice the black-guard and ticket-of-leave man that he is no more to be distinguished in manner from the refined and aristocratic millionaire, we are conscious of the same strain upon our instinct of common sense. Joseph Wilmot "looked a vagabond certainly—every inch a vagabond; a reckless, dare-devil scoundrel, at war with society, and defiant of a world he hated." As he passes into the shop of the tailor and general outfitter in High Street, Southampton, the effect he produces upon the sharp "young man" of the establishment is to make that precocious juvenile exclaim, with a yawn of supercilious disdain, "You'd better make yourself scarce; our principal never gives anything to tramps." The notes which he displays by way of voucher, appropriated from his dead brother's pocket-book, are looked upon with a sinister suspicion as to their being "flash" uns. Yet the moment he has had "his beard shaved off, his ragged moustache trimmed into the most aristocratic shape, and his long straggling grey hair cut and arranged according to his own directions," he becomes "a respectable handsome-looking gentleman, advanced in middle age—not altogether unaristocratic-looking." And on sallying forth in his new toilet—"a complete rig out, from his twenty-one shilling hat to the polished boots upon his well-shaped feet," with "a glove dangling loosely in one ungloved hand, and a cane in the other"—the very tradesman and his shopboy stand aghast. "If that turn-out had cost you fifty pound, sir, instead of eighteen pound, twelve, and elevenpence, it would be worth all the money to you, for you look like a dook!" Such a metamorphosis would suffice to make the fortune of Messrs. Mooses. And it makes the fortune of Joseph Wilmot, for not only is it the passport to stepping unquestioned into the murdered banker's shoes, but the whole inner man undergoes a no less happy transformation. "The man's manner was as much altered as his person. The blackguard of the morning is now a gentleman, subdued in voice, easy, and rather listless in gait, haughty and self-possessed in tone." In the highest county circles he takes his place without a breath of suspicion, doing the splendid honours of Maudealey Abbey "with a certain haughty grandeur" which was "but a little stiff and formal as compared to the easy friendly grace of his high-bred visitors." We are far from wishing to see our lady-novelists tied down upon the rack of logical exactitude, to the inevitable ruin of those finer powers of fancy on which it is the literary privilege of their sex to soar. Yet it is impossible for us to renounce, even in their favour, and for the sake of those graceful flights of imagination with which they so characteristically charm us, all deference to the laws of consistency or the prosaic dictates of sober sense. With all our admiration of the skill and daring of the authoress in dashing her way through the entanglements of her own making, we cannot but hold up feats of this wilful kind as examples to be eschewed in all legitimate fiction. There is something simply silly in the conception of a murderer disposing successfully of all traces of identity by stripping the corpse of his victim to the waist, without a thought of any dangerous evidence in the marks, or the points of foreign style and texture, to be found in the lower appendages which are left about the body. Most absurd of all is the circumstance that identity is established in the end by a ring, bearing the name of the murdered man, being found upon his finger when the remains are exhumed months afterwards, which had never been noticed in the course of the whole rigid formalities of the autopsy and coroner's inquest.

There is one respect in which *Henry Dunbar* is entitled to exceptional praise above well-nigh every novel of the season. Miss Braddon has here shown her power in sufficiently exciting the sensations of her readers without the aid of vulgar and nauseous appeals to the prurient or the sensuous feelings. Whatever violence may be committed against the sixth and eighth commandments, the intermediate precept of the Decalogue is, for once, in no way made to suffer either in word or deed. The only passages in which the relations between the sexes are in any way adverted to are two very tame episodes. Laura Dunbar, the pretty puppet of the piece, is tossed—through her supposed father's anxiety to get rid of an embarrassing encumbrance—first into the arms of a weak legal admirer whom she properly spurns, and at length into those of a good-natured unmeaning baronet. This pair have very little to do with the story. Margaret, the strong-minded daughter, who blindly tracks the secret of her father's supposed murder till the scales fall from her eyes, and then, with as persistent heroism and sagacity, shields the wretch from justice and leads him to die repentant, is of stuff so stern that she flings away in a trice her plighted troth with the meek and inane cashier Clement Austin on finding the stain upon her parentage, and through dreading the detection of her father's crime which might ensue. The only glimpse we get into that land of Bohemia through which Miss Braddon has before shown somewhat of her competence as a practical guide, consists of the casual sayings and doings of one or two minor scamps in professional concert with the arch villain, together with certain bits of detective experience during the clever narrative of the scheme of the father and daughter for baffling the skill of Scotland Yard. Of moral, in the technical sense of the word, the work exhibits not a trace. It is little to the purpose that the writer claims to be judged by the "fundamental" of De Foe, that "there is not a wicked action in any part of it but it is first or last rendered unhappy or unfortunate, there is not a superlative villain brought upon the stage but he is either brought to an unhappy end or brought to be a penitent." To enforce such trite and flimsy canons of justice needs no such expenditure of imaginative force. This style of work may pile up a reputation for quick, fertile, and dexterous writing. It may minister endless amusement to readers who have no higher aim than to be perpetually amused. In the existing state of the public taste it may be found a highly marketable commodity. But it is not a style fraught with intellectual or moral advantage either to the public or to the author.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS, 1634-5.*

MR. BRUCE has now reached a very important point in his history—the issuing of the writs for ship-money. In his Preface he calls attention to a distinction, which probably escapes ordinary readers, between the writs of 1634, with which we are now concerned, and the writs of 1636, which drew forth the famous resistance of Hampden. Hallam of course does not pass it by, but in the common histories it is rather slurred over. The first writs, those devised by Noy, had some sort of precedent in their favour. They were not strictly writs for ship-money at all. They were more like the old Athenian *lexonopyliai*, demands for the actual equipment of a ship or ships, and were issued only to ports and other maritime places. The amount to be paid by each contributor was to be a matter of local assessment. It does not appear that, according to these writs, any actual money was to pass from the hands of the subject into those of the Sovereign. No doubt even these first writs were quite contrary to the real principles of the constitution, but in times when many points were still unfixed, a demand of this kind was by no means among the worst excesses of arbitrary power. Nor was it at once manifest that any secret object lurked behind; a fleet was really much needed, and by means of these writs a fleet was actually equipped. Thus, though London and some other places murmured and remonstrated, the writs of 1634 met with no very serious opposition. The later writs, Finch's improvement upon Noy, were a much further advance in the path of tyranny. They demanded real ship-money; they were issued to inland as well as to maritime places; actual money was demanded off every man's estate, and of course there was no security that such money would really be applied to building ships at all. Thus the later writs distinctly were, what the first can hardly be called, a levying of taxes by the Crown without consent of Parliament. The present volume is full of matter bearing upon the earlier writs—those of October 1634; and Mr. Bruce prints at length in his Preface an important letter from Lord Keeper Coventry to the King, as to the different modes of local assessment which had been proposed. Another question is also touched in it. The old precedents were mainly in favour of writs issued to the actual ports alone; but Noy wished, for "easing of the charge," to join the whole of the maritime counties with the ports. A compromise was at last hit upon, by which they were issued, not to the whole counties, but to all maritime places, that is, to all towns and villages along the coasts, whether actually ports or not.

The contents of the volume are of course of the usual miscellaneous kind. It is especially rich in matter relating to the Court of High Commission, which now, under the ascendancy of Laud, was in full vigour. Then we still hear a great deal about the salt-petre-men, whose doings, little as we hear of them in ordinary history, seem to have been enough of themselves to provoke a rebellion. There are a great number of entries about some supposed witches in Lancashire, and several as to the grievances

* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles I.* Edited by John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

borne by the people through the prevalence of bad farthings. The farthing, as first issued, was called a farthing token, and was liable to be refused. That it should be counterfeited was no more than the natural course of things, but one is a little surprised to read of the rich "being glutted with counterfeit tokens," and the poor "having little or no other coin but these counterfeit tokens to buy their bread." A man "of good estate" at Norwich has bundles of farthing tokens sent down to him from London, as many as 14l. 5s. 6d. at a time, "of various stamps, many false and few true." So again, at Barnstaple, the poor have no money but farthings; their wages are paid in farthings; "such commodities of low price as they are used to sell" are paid for in farthings; and now nobody will take their farthings, even at half their value. Silver, the Mayor of Barnstaple adds, is "exceeding scarce in the country." The like complaint is made by the Mayor of Taunton, where "the poor people are like to perish," and where they came very near to a tumult about it. Some relief may perhaps have been given by an order of the Star-Chamber, which we find a little way on, declaring it "unlawful that farthing tokens should be forced upon labourers or workmen, that no person should pay above twopence in farthings at any one time, and that it was unlawful to buy farthings at less than the rate at which they were vented by the patentees."

About the Lancashire witches there is a great deal. The first mention of them is found in a letter to Lord Conway from Sir William Pelham, evidently a devout believer. "There are divers of them of good ability, and they have done much harm." Nay, "it is suspected that they had a hand in raising the great storm wherein his Majesty was in so great danger at sea in Scotland." Next follow the examinations of three accused witches before Bishop Bridgman of Chester. Margaret Johnson, a widow of sixty, confesses, and tells one of the usual stories about a compact with the devil. But two younger women, Mary Spencer and Frances Dicconson, stoutly assert their innocence. Mary Spencer's answers in particular are both touching in themselves and give a good specimen of the inconceivably trifling grounds on which charges of this sort were trumped up:—

Mary Spencer, of Burnley, aged 20, being examined, utterly denies that she knows any witchcraft, or ever did hurt to anybody thereby. Prays God to forgive Nicholas Cunliffe, who having borne malice to her and her parents these 5 or 6 years, has lately wrongfully abused them. Her father and mother were condemned last assizes for witchcraft, and are since dead and buried. Before her imprisonment usually went to church at Burnley and heard Mr. Brierley, and what she could remember used to repeat to her parents at home. Repeated the Creed and Lord's Prayer, and says she defies the devil and all his works, and hopes to be saved by Christ Jesus. Cunliffe accused her to call a collock, or peal [or pail], which came running to her of its own accord. When she was arraigned she would have answered for herself, but the wind was so loud and the throng so great that she could not hear the evidence against her. When she was a young girl and went to the well for water, she used to tumble or trundle the collock, or peal, down the hill, and she would run along after it to overtake it, and did overye [overhie] it sometimes, and then might call it to come to her, but utterly denies that she ever could make it come to her by any witchcraft. She is not afraid of death, for she hopes it will make an entrance for her into heaven.

Next we come to the evidence of seven surgeons and ten certificated midwives who were set to examine the bodies of the women, who have now been brought up from Lancaster to London. Janet Hargraves, Frances Dicconson, and Mary Spencer are freely acquitted of any diabolical signs; about Margaret Johnson the witnesses are not quite so positive, but it is clear that they did not believe in anything of the sort. Finally, we come to the explanation of the whole matter. It seems that the charge was brought by a boy of ten named Edmund Robinson, who at last confessed the whole tale to have been his own invention:—

He now says, that all that tale is false and feigned, and has no truth at all, but only as he has heard tales and reports made by women, so he framed his tale out of his own invention, which when he had once told he still persisted in, until he came to the King's coachman at Richmond, to whom he declared the truth. He invented the said tale for that his mother having brought him up to spin wool, and also used him to fetch home her kine, he was appointed one time to fetch home her kine but did not do it, but went to play with other children, and fearing his father or mother would beat him, he made this tale for an excuse.

We next get a little more detail as to the sources of his invention. He had heard the neighbours talk about witches and witches' meetings; he had heard such and such women called witches, and people had complained of being bewitched by them. So he invented the tale purely out of his own head; nobody prompted him:—

At first he framed these tales to avoid his mother's correction for not bringing home her kine, but perceiving that many folks gave ear to him he grew confident in it more and more.

This is altogether a really instructive story, and the wickedness of the boy who could coolly invent a lie of this kind is by no means without very recent parallels. The kind of accusation indeed is changed, because nobody, at least nobody who administers the law, now believes in witches; but most people will easily remember cases of children inventing utterly false accusations of other kinds, often for objects nearly as small as when Edmund Robinson jeopardised the lives of four fellow-creatures to escape his mother's correction for not bringing home her kine.

The vexations of the saltpetre-men seem to have been endless. A man seemingly might not take to himself the fourth part of a cab of doves' dung without their leave:—

Petitioner in February last, coming to Wells, [co. Somerset,] with his utensils to make saltpetre, and repairing to the pigeon-houses thereabouts, in most of them found the earth carried away, some to lay upon their own lands and some sold to their neighbours, so as, whereas in that place there was formerly fifteen or thirteen months work, there is not now above ten or twelve weeks, to the overthrow of his Majesty's service, and to petitioner's

damage, near one hundred marks. Prays the Lords to send for the delinquents, and take order with them for their contempt and for petitioner's relief.

Then follow the names of the guilty persons, some of whom are charged with the further crime of paving their stables with pebble stones.

In our times it is hard to conceive the coast of Cornwall infested by Turks. No doubt the word is taken in a rather vague way, including Algerines and other Barbary Powers; still there is a strange sound about it. The Lords of the Admiralty write as follows to Captain Thomas Ketelby:—

Have lately received complaints out of the west country of divers outrages lately committed in those parts by Turks and pirates, inasmuch as the poor fishermen dare not put to sea, and the inhabitants are afraid of being taken in the night out of their houses. Further understand, that Ketelby being on the 17th May sent by Sir John Pennington, with the Garland and two Lion's Whelps, to scour the western coast and to suppress the Turks that lay between the Land's End and Scilly, he has neglected that important service, and spent his time in putting into Plymouth Sound and other Roads. He is to hasten and scour the western parts, especially between Ushant, the Land's End, and Scilly.

In this state of things the ship-money was really wanted. No Parliament would have refused a grant in such a case, only Charles could not bring himself to satisfy even his most reasonable needs by legal means.

There is in this volume abundance of entries on ecclesiastical matters, but fewer perhaps than usual about the Universities. Here is an odd story about a Welsh Bishop:—

Petition of William Gruffith, one of his Majesty's sergeants-at-arms, to the King. About 11 or 12 years since petitioner sold to Dr. Field, then Bishop of Llandaff, a pocket clock which cost 20l., for 40l., to be paid within one month after the Bishop should be translated to any other bishopric, who shortly after was translated to St. David's, which he now enjoys. Petitioner demanding the 40l., the Bishop answered that petitioner was paid, and bid look in his bond, the Bishop saying that "he had served him a trick," whereupon petitioner sued to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Cottington, and Sec. Windebank, to hear the cause. They found the money due, but the Bishop would not give any satisfaction but 2s. 6d., with scoffs, mocks, and disgraceful words. Prays that the hearing of the cause may be referred to the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Judge Jones, and the Recorder of London.

All Souls College had to be visited then as well as in later times:—

Dr. Richard Astley, warden of All Souls, to Archbishop Laud. The Archbishop having required an answer concerning their choice of officers and reformation in hair and apparel, he may well say that there is good conformity both in apparel, hair, bands, and boots. As for choosing officers, it is not usual to proceed to an election till the bursars have given up their accounts, and the warden and fellows have brought into the treasury what shall be allotted unto it, which cannot be till it please the Archbishop to dispose of this year's surplage. They shall not vary from his direction as to officers, and if it be his pleasure they will choose them out of hand, being ready to obey in this and any other of his commands. Pray for the long continuance of so bountiful a patron and gracious a visitor.

No doubt the state of perfection to which Dr. Astley brought the apparel, hair, and boots of his College remains undiminished to this day; but what are we to say about the choice of officers?

Here is a vigorous Priest in Northamptonshire:—

He refused to read the book set out by the King, but caused his clerk to read it after service ended, he stopping his ears when it was read. He has preached against it and maintained that it was more lawful by God's law to go to plough or cart on the Sabbath-day than to dance. He has caused the clerk to lock the church-door to keep in the whole congregation in the winter time to hear him preach until dark night. Expounding the ninth of Romans he affirmed that God created the greatest part of mankind on purpose to damn them.

Wager of battle was not quite extinct:—

The King to the Lord Chief Justice and the rest of the Judges. Ralph Claxton, for recovery of certain lands in co. Durham, brought his writ of right against Richard Lilborne, who refused that manner of trial, and by his plea waged battle, and tendered his champion to fight. Claxton thereupon petitioned the King, who referred his petition to the Chief Justice and other Judges, who certified that they had persuaded Lilborne to waive his plea and manner of trial, and put his right upon the Grand Assize, or try it by a common jury, whereto Lilborne denied absolutely to consent. Since that time the King had required Lilborne to decline the trial by battle, and stand to the determination of a Grand Assize or common jury, which he had contemptuously refused; the King therefore being inclined to relieve Ralph Claxton, and utterly disliking the manner of trial proposed by Lilborne, as not agreeable to religion, required them to assemble themselves, and having examined Claxton's right and the justness of his claim finally to determine the business according to law and justice, notwithstanding the absence of Lilborne, that so the petitioner be no longer delayed, nor the King further importuned.

Here is a curious local dispute, to which some interest may attach through the connexion into which the two names have been brought in later times:—

Answer by Sir John Byron to a petition of John Chaworth, son of Lord Chaworth, lately exhibited to his Majesty. Sir John insists that Lord Chaworth's manor of Ansley [Annesley?] is within Sherwood Forest, the officers of which have at all times hunted and rehashed the King's deer out of Ansley, both when the forest was under Sir John's ancestors and since. Denies that Fenton ever entered Sir John's hounds in Lord Chaworth's woods, nor have any unreasonable deer been killed by him, which is a fault peculiar to Lord Chaworth and his son, as appears by the inclosed list. Asserts that Lord Chaworth has no deer but what bows and guns and greyhounds and deerstealers have provided him with. The verdict against Fenton has been surreptitiously obtained, to the ruin of the poor man unless the King relieve him.

Answer by Lord Chaworth to one of the charges in the preceding paper. He insists that Ansley, where Fenton hunted, is not within the Forest of Sherwood, and states that hunting there has at all times been stopped or forbidden. "Nay, it will be proved that old Sir John Byron with the Long Beard, when he was Lieutenant of the forest under the Earl of Rutland, was taken up for hunting there by a person yet living, and he was neither sued nor convicted for it, as is now the new fashion." Desires to be excused answering the informer's saying that the forest was under the command of his ancestors until he names them.

Declaration by Lord Chaworth "touching the schedule of particular convictions and presentments." He never shot at any deer in the forest, nor ever elipped a dog there, which is more than Sir John Byron can say. Any presentments will be answered by them they concern. A much longer score of presentments will be made good against Sir John and his servants.

Lastly, by way of relief from affairs of state, we find

A Book of Cookery, containing receipts principally for pastry. The date 1634 occurs on it twice, in the hand of the writer of the book, and also in the writing of Nicholas.

TRAVELS IN INDO-CHINA.*

M. HENRI MOUHOT, from whose notes these two volumes of travel have been compiled, was a French naturalist, whose explorations excited considerable interest among some of the learned societies of London a couple of years ago. He had married an English lady and settled in the island of Jersey, where he found various advantages for the prosecution of studies in natural history, of which ornithology and conchology were his favourite branches. But Jersey was neither a sufficiently wide nor a sufficiently untrodden field, and his investigations there only served to stimulate his desire to explore a more curious and extended region. By accident a book on Siam fell into his hands, and M. Mouhot speedily resolved to make that country the scene of his researches. Both the Geographical and the Zoological Societies of London encouraged and assisted him in the prosecution of his design, and in April 1858, in the words of a pardonably enthusiastic biographer, "he quitted his wife, brother, and all his friends and every advantage of civilization, in order to visit in the cause of science regions little known, but where, through much fatigue and danger, the prospect of a glorious future opened itself before him." After more than three years of hardship and intrepid exertion, having made his way far into the interior, he was attacked by jungle fever, and on the 10th of November, 1861, he died. The last entries in his journal are very touching. On the 18th of October it is, "Halted at H."; on the 19th, "Attacked by fever"; and ten days later, simply the pathetic exclamation, written in a weak and trembling hand, "Have pity on me, oh my God." His only attendants were his two native servants, who furnished the details of his illness and death, and who, as some may think, did still better service by burying him in the ground in civilized fashion, the uncouth usage of the country being to hang up the bodies of the dead on trees and leave them to rot there. M. Mouhot was in the prime of life—only thirty-five—at the time of his death, and seems to have been as excellently fitted to resist the dangers of the climate as any European could be. As they proved fatal to him, we can scarcely expect that a full exploration of these remote regions will soon be accomplished. M. Mouhot naturally possessed a robust constitution, which had never been impaired by intemperance or any serious disorder. He never took spirits, and while in the East almost entirely confined himself to tea, eschewing alike wine and cold water. It was only, indeed, his constitutional strength and great caution that enabled him to resist the dangers of his position so long. He traversed forests whose deleterious atmosphere is fatal to one or two out of every ten of even the natives who travel there. The pathways are bogs, and the whole ground is soaked. The atmosphere is fetid, "hot as a stove, and reeking with putrid miasma." On one occasion he passed five days in one of these forests. The rain was incessant, and "the earth was nothing but a sea of mud." "I never in my life," says M. Mouhot, "passed such wretched nights, as all the time we had to remain with our wet clothes on our backs, and I cannot describe what we suffered." The snow hurricanes of Russia, which had nearly killed him when in that country, "seemed trifling miseries in comparison." Not less trying than the pestilential atmosphere are the miseries caused by "myriads of mosquitoes," "legions of ox-flies," fleas so minute as to be almost invisible, but which raise enormous blisters, and leeches, "which after the least rain come out of the ground, scent a man twenty feet off, and hasten to suck his blood with wonderful avidity." Add to all this incessant fatigue, and bad food—principally dried fish and rice—and the wonder is, not that the traveller succumbed at last, but that he endured such a trial so long.

After M. Mouhot's death his papers and sketches were sent home, and were afterwards arranged for publication by his widow and his brother. The work has been done, perhaps, as well as was possible under the circumstances. Sometimes the narrative appears a little confused, and the traveller's movements are not always easy to follow. But everything must be excused to a book published under such difficulties. Most of the journal was written in pencil, and then it had to be sent home, where it arrived half-effaced and all but illegible. And it is just also to remember the circumstances under which the notes were written. "I have written these few notes," says M. Mouhot on one occasion, "after returning from a long hunting expedition, by the light of a torch, seated on my tiger-skin. On one side of me is the skin of an ape just stripped off; on the other, a box of insects waiting to be arranged and packed; and my employment has not been rendered easier by the sanguinary attacks of mosquitoes and leeches." The sketches with which the narrative is illustrated are exceedingly graphic, and very numerous. In fact, they come so thickly as to interfere in some measure with the reader's comfort. To be interrupted every three or four pages by a sketch which does not bear any immediate relation to the

matter of the next page, and by the fluttering of a piece of tissue-paper down to one's feet, is really a drawback to the pleasure of a continuous narrative. Why should they not have been placed altogether at the end of each volume? They are well executed, and very superior to the illustrations which commonly adorn works of travel. One of them, representing monkeys playing with a crocodile, is quite a work of art:—

Close to the bank lies the crocodile, his body in the water, and only his capacious mouth above the surface, ready to seize anything that may come within reach. A troop of apes catch sight of him, seem to consult together, approach little by little, and commence their frolics, by turns actors and spectators. One of the most active or most impudent jumps from branch to branch till within a respectful distance of the crocodile, when, hanging by one claw, and with the dexterity peculiar to these animals, he advances and retires, now giving his enemy a blow with his paw, at another time only pretending to do so. The other apes, enjoying the fun, evidently wish to take a part in it; but the other branches being too high, they form a sort of chain by laying hold of each other's paws, and thus swing backwards and forwards, while any one of them who comes within reach of the crocodile torments him to the best of his ability. Sometimes the terrible jaws suddenly close, but not upon the audacious ape, who just escapes; then there are cries of exultation from the tormentors, who gambol about joyfully. Occasionally, however, the claw is entrapped and the victim dragged with the rapidity of lightning beneath the water, when the whole troop disperse, groaning and shrieking.

The country explored by M. Mouhot is that known among geographers as the Indo-Chinese Lowlands, and may be described generally as lying between the Gulf of Tonquin and the Gulf of Siam, and reaching from about the tenth degree north latitude almost up to the tropic. It comprises Siam, stretching across the gulf to which it gives its name; Cambodia or Cambodja—the native land of gamboge—south-east of Siam, and north of Saigon, where the French are trying to settle a second Constantia; and Laos, extending indefinitely northwards into China. With Siam we have for some time been tolerably well acquainted. Mr. Crawford was sent there on a mission from the English Government some time about 1820, if we remember rightly, and he published an account of the country on his return. But the fullest information is to be gained from the two volumes of Sir John Bowring, who was despatched to Bangkok, the capital of Siam, for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty with the Siamese, in which Sir James Brooke had been utterly baffled a few years before. Cambodia and Laos, however, were almost wholly unknown to us, and it is for his courageous exploration of this remote region that M. Mouhot deserves the gratitude of geographers and naturalists. As Sir Roderick Murchison said, "A long time may elapse before another man will be found bold enough to follow his steps in that land of virgin forests and fever," and his book will probably remain our only source of authentic information for many years to come. As a political division, Cambodia is pretty sure to disappear. At present it is tributary to Siam, and M. Mouhot thinks that "possibly France has her eyes fixed upon it, with the view of annexing it to her possessions in Lower Cochin China." As soon as he has got his Mexican bill paid, it may please Louis Napoleon to introduce Latin Christianity among the tangled forests of Cambodia, and nobody is likely to offer any serious objection to the annexation of as much of it as he likes. It is about fifteen thousand miles off, it is over-spread with miasmatic forests, the heat is insupportable to Europeans, and it is very questionable whether the resources of the country would, for a long time at all events, pay for the trouble of conquering it. At present, M. Mouhot doubts whether the population of Cambodia exceeds a million, but it is not quite clear on what basis his calculation rests. The authorities, in making the census, take no account of females. We suspect it is an effusion of patriotism, rather than an exercise of deliberate judgment, when the traveller says that "European conquest, abolition of slavery, wise and protecting laws," would effect the regeneration of the country. Under the sway of France, he continues, "it will become a land of plenty; I wish her to possess this land, which would add a magnificent jewel to her crown." If this be really the case, M. Mouhot's own description of the horrors of the climate must be considerably overcharged. We shall most likely be right in believing in the accuracy of his narrative rather than in the soundness of his judgment in political matters.

We are not aware whether the Cotton Supply Association have had their attention directed to Lower Cochin China and Cambodia. M. Mouhot says the cotton-plant thrives there admirably. He is not so bigoted a patriot as to ignore the existence of England. "England," he says, "that great nation for colonies, would soon make of Lower Cochin China and Cambodia a vast cotton plantation." Then he mentions the island of Ko-Sutin, in which the lands belonging to the Crown are let to the cotton-planters in lots for one pound per lot, and each lot affords an income of 1,200 francs. The rent and income only, however, are scarcely adequate data from which to estimate the rate of profit. Besides cotton, Cambodia yields tobacco, sugar, pepper, ginger, and of course gamboge, whose name is only a corruption of Cambodja. Then there is fine timber of various sorts; trees containing the eagle-wood, resins, and dye-woods; while in the mountains—as well as iron and copper, which may be found in some abundance—gold, argentiferous lead, and zinc are also discovered. In spite of all this, Cambodia furnishes scarcely anything for exportation. As has universally been the case in Eastern countries, the ruler absorbs almost the whole of the results of the labour of the cultivator and producer, and this unlimited taxation combines with the exhausting nature of the climate to produce universal and profound indolence. In Siam, every subject, on reaching a certain height, has to pay an annual tax, equivalent to

* *Travels in the Central Parts of Indo-China (Siam), Cambodia, and Laos.* By the late M. Henri Mouhot. 2 vols. London: John Murray.

about eighteen francs. M. Mouhot mentions the case of a Siamese with whom he was brought into contact, which is interesting as placing graphically before us the actual condition of a great number of the inhabitants of those regions. This man was a widower, with two sons, the eldest of whom, a lad of eighteen, afterwards became M. Mouhot's faithful attendant. He had been obliged to borrow fifty ticals, or about a hundred and fifty francs; and, as the rate of interest in Siam varies from twenty to thirty per cent, he has to pay every year ten or more ticals for his borrowed money. Then taxes swallow up twenty-nine ticals; twelve for his two sons, four for his house, one for his furnace, one for his pig, eight on the pepper-field, one on the betel which he cultivates, and two for areca-trees and a cocoa-tree. He thus has to pay thirty-nine ticals every year for interest and taxes. And, after all his expenses are paid, the land brings him in forty ticals; so that he has exactly one tical, or about half-a-crown, left as the reward of twelve months' labour. As M. Mouhot asks—What can he do with this one tical? The Cambodians are much less heavily oppressed by taxes and duties than the Siamese, but still their burden is sufficient to act as a grave check upon cultivation and habits of industry. At Komput, which is now the only port of Cambodia, the traveller finds "almost every vice" prevalent. "Pride, insolence, cheating, cowardice, servility, excessive idleness are the attributes of this miserable people." The Laotians, or inhabitants of the great tract stretching northwards from Cambodia to the unmarked boundaries of the Chinese Empire, are more intelligent than either the Siamese or the Cambodians, and possess much greater readiness for mercantile adventure. Still commerce must be pursued under difficulties where "it requires a day's journey to conclude the smallest bargain, and a whole village is assembled to make sure the money is not spurious." Though of superior intelligence to the Siamese, the Laotians wearied M. Mouhot. He describes them as heartless and unenergetic, and all trembling at the stick. This is slightly at variance with his other statement as to their industry and mercantile spirit, and is one of a few unimportant instances we have noticed in the book where the absence of the traveller's own supervision has left a certain appearance of confusion and slovenliness in the narrative. But, once more, we must make all allowance for a journal composed and given to the world under such difficulties. At this time the traveller seems to have been afflicted with an unwonted despondency. In an entry then made in his journal he deplores his solitude. "The view from my window is charming," he says, "but I cannot enjoy or appreciate it. I am sad and anxious; I long for my native land, for a little life; to be always alone weighs on my spirits." Two months after this he was seized with the fatal fever which carried him off.

M. Mouhot makes some highly interesting remarks on a curious people living in the interior of Cambodia, and called Thiâmes, a variation of the old name of Tsiamois. The theory used to be that these tribes are an offshoot of the Israelite stock. They preserve their own language, customs, and religion, and refrain from entering into any alliances with their neighbours. They are said to practise circumcision, to abstain from pork, and to observe the Sabbath. M. Mouhot says he was struck, when among the Thiâmes, with the Hebrew character of many of the faces. And a French missionary informed him of the very remarkable fact that he had found the Judgment of Solomon in the sacred books of the Cambodians accurately recorded, and ascribed to one of their own kings. From all these facts, coupled with one or two others for which he seems to have had insufficient authority, a certain French writer argued that the Jews somehow got to these Chinese lowlands, and that "the shining of the light of revelation in the far East is incontestable." "Join to this light," he triumphantly exclaims, "those traditional truths carried with them as a sacred heritage by the families who were dispersed at Babel, and say what becomes of the extravagant praises lavished on Eastern wisdom by the sect of philosophers?" That is to say, Quang-fou-tse, Zoroaster, and every other Eastern sage stole their philosophy from the Jews. M. Mouhot, not being an abbé, does not feel bound to launch out into such ignorant rhapsodies, and admits that these theories, in which at first he was disposed to believe, fell away before the more accurate information which he was afterwards able to obtain on the subject. He avows that the "only vestiges of Judaism found among the Thiâmes are equally met with amongst Mahometans," and so destroys the argument that there must of necessity have once been a Jewish migration into these remote regions. The ethnology of the inhabitants of Cambodia and Laos seems, in the present state of our knowledge of their various customs, dialects, and country, to be incapable of satisfactory elucidation. M. Mouhot furnishes a few notes, which he might eventually, perhaps, have been able to work up into a consistent theory; but, in their present fragmentary condition, it is not easy to be sure exactly what his view was. Whether they came from India or China, it is certain, he says, that Cambodia must have been once inhabited by a race of settlers who introduced Buddhism and civilization, and they were probably driven away into the interior by some barbarous race, who must also have destroyed many of their buildings. The chief circumstance on which this theory rests is the existence of the vast ruins of Ongcor the Great, of which M. Mouhot gives a most minute description, accompanied by numerous sketches admirably done. Ongcor was the capital of the ancient kingdom of Cambodia or Khmer, and its gigantic ruins are as curious and interesting as the famous cities of Central America. His account of the temples, statues, and bas-reliefs is

exceedingly remarkable, both from an architectural and an archaeological point of view. "One of these temples—a rival to that of Solomon, and erected by some ancient Michael Angelo—might take an honourable place beside our most beautiful buildings; it is grander than anything left us by Greece or Rome." The civilization which could produce works so full of majesty and artistic power is in melancholy contrast with the savage barbarism which now reigns around them. M. Mouhot states his belief that "the date of some of the oldest parts of Ongcor the Great may be fixed at more than two thousand years ago." But in the next sentence he says, "They probably date from the dispensation of the Indian Buddhists, which took place several centuries before the Christian era." M. Mouhot does not shine either as an ethnologist or a chronologist, but he will rank high as an intrepid and courageous traveller, whose discoveries are among the most interesting results of contemporary exploration. We ought to mention that, appended to the second volume, are some notes of observations on the atmosphere, a list of the new species of mammals which he discovered, and a rather extensive Cambodian vocabulary. And, finally, we would recommend to the attention of the Church Missionary Society M. Mouhot's accounts from time to time of the various French Catholic missionaries who have permanently sacrificed themselves, and live in lonely huts in the most pestilential regions, with bad and scanty food, just as the natives do whom they have gone out to convert. As the writer was himself a Protestant, his testimony is unimpeachable.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, in THE PYRAMID, with THE BARD and HIS BIRTHDAY, by Mr. Brough, painted by Mr. and Mrs. G. Reed; and FIVE SEASIDE, or Mrs. Brough out of Town, by Mr. John Perry. Every Evening (except Saturday), at Eight; Thursday and Saturday at Three.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14 Regent Street. Admission, 1s. 2s. 3s. and 5s.

ALEXANDRA PARK.—GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

The FORESTERS' GRAND FÊTE, Monday, July 11. Admission, One Shilling; Children, Six pence.

ALEXANDRA PARK, Wood Green.—GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

A GRAND FAIR will be held in the Alexandra Park, Wood Green (Great Northern Railway), THIS DAY, and remain open until September 1. Fifty Shops of an extremely attractive kind have been constructed in Paris by the Compagnie Suisse, for the purpose of the Fair. In the immediate neighbourhood of the Shops, Space will be Let for Amusements of all kinds. Applications for Space to be made immediately to the General Manager, at the Company's Offices, 440 Strand, where a Model Shop can be seen, and the Terms of Rent ascertained.

F. K. PARKINSON, Secretary.

ALEXANDRA PARK, Wood Green.—GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

CLERGYMEN and TEACHERS are requested to communicate with the General Manager for TERMS for the ADMISSION of SUNDAY SCHOOLS to the Alexandra Park.

ALEXANDRA PARK, Wood Green.—GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

PIC-NIC and PLEASURE PARTIES will find the beautiful Grounds of the Grove a most delightful place.—The Restaurant is now open.

ALEXANDRA PARK, Wood Green.—GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

May be visited in Twenty Minutes from the Metropolitan Station, Farringdon Street, and in Fifteen Minutes from the Great Northern Station, King's Cross.

THE EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE in MARBLE, TERRA COTTA, &c., with various coloured Experiments, will be OPENED at the Royal Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington, on Wednesday, July 13.—Admission, 2s. 6d.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—The TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY is now open from Ten till Six, at the Gallery, 45 Pall Mall.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES.—The Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools.—Is now OPEN. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURES, "LONDON BRIDGE on the NIGHT of the MARRIAGE of the PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES," and "THE AFTERGLOW in EGYPT," together with ROBERT B. MARSHALL'S Picture, "THE LAST DAY in the OLD HOME," are NOW ON VIEW at the New Gallery, 16 Hanover Street, Regent Street, from Nine till Seven.—Admission, 1s.

MR. SIMPSON'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS of INDIA, THIBET, and CASHMERE, at the German Gallery, 108 New Bond Street, Daily, from Ten till Six o'clock.—Admission, 1s.

ON VIEW, the PICTURE of the MARRIAGE of H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES, painted from Actual Sittings by Mr. G. H. THOMAS, who was present at the Ceremony by Gracious Command of Her Majesty the Queen; at the German Gallery, 108 New Bond Street, Daily, from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s.

WEEK-DAY EVENING CHORAL FESTIVAL, Westminster Abbey, Friday, June 15, commencing at Seven o'clock. Sermon by the Right Rev. Dr. BRIMBY, Lord Bishop of Exeter, in behalf of the SOCIETY for the PROPAGATION of the GOSPEL in FOREIGN PARTS. Choir of Two Hundred and Fifty Voices. Admission by Ticket only, to be obtained (free), at 70 Pall Mall, by Subscribers, 5s., one week, and by non-subscribers three days, previously.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.—The NEXT ANNUAL MEETING of the Association will be held, under the Presidency of Sir C. LYELL, F.R.S., &c., at BATH, commencing on Wednesday, September 14. Notices of Papers proposed to be read at the Meeting should be sent to the Local Secretaries at Bath (C. Moors, Esq., C. E. Davis, Esq., Rev. H. H. Winstanley), or to the Assistant General Secretary, G. Gwynne, Esq., Oxford.

On and after August 15 until September 9, Life Members who intend to be present at the Meeting may receive their Tickets by applying to the General Treasurer, and returning to him their Life Member's Invitation Circular. Annual Subscribers who wish to receive their Tickets must return their Invitation Circular with £1 enclosed to the General Treasurer (W. Kerrison, Esq., 50 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.). The Executive Committee at Bath will elect New Members and Associates on the following conditions:—

I. New Life Members for a composition of £10, which entitles them to receive gratuitously the Reports of the Association which may be published after the date of payment.

II. New Annual Subscribers for a payment of £3 for the first year. These receive gratuitously the Reports for the year of their admission, and for every following year in which they continue to pay a subscription of £1, without intermission.

III. Associates for this Meeting only for a payment of £1. They are entitled to receive the Report of the Meeting at two-thirds of the Publication Price.

Ladies may become Members on the same terms as Gentlemen, and Ladies' Tickets (transferable to Ladies only) may be obtained by Members, on payment of £1.

After September 9, personal application for Tickets must be made at the Reception Room (the Pump Room), Bath, which will be opened on Monday, September 12. Members and others who wish to obtain information about the Local arrangements are requested to communicate with the Local Secretaries at Bath.

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, LOUTH, Reopens August 8.

Head Master.—The Rev. G. C. HODGKINSON, late Scholar of Trin. Coll. Camb.

Second Master.—The Rev. W. W. HOPWOOD, o. Pemb. Coll. Oxford.

Pupils from this School have passed Ten Public Examinations during the past year. Terms for Boarders, in the houses of the Head and Second Masters, for Boys under Ten Years at the time of Admission, 3 Guineas, not to be raised afterwards.

Louth is on the Eastern Branch of the Great Northern Railway, in a healthy and pleasant part of Lincolnshire.